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Author's Note

I just want to say that none of the pictures or art work I use to resemble my cats are NOT MINE. They all belong to their rightful and respectful owners.
I do not draw or paint as well as any of these people whether I found them on Deviantart , google , tumblr, the Warriors Amino app . I can draw stick people and even those don't look good.

So I give all credit to the original owners!!!

On with the story!!!!

Allegainces

THUNDERCLAN
LEADER
Fallowstar- dark brown and white tom

DEPUTY
Oakflame- red brown tom

MEDICINE CAT
Whitepool- white tom

WARRIORS
Branchpelt- brown tabby tom
Apprentice, Stormpaw

Larkwatcher- tortoiseshell tom

Marshtail- brown and black tom

Ashshade- black tom
Apprentice, Cloudpaw

Rainflight- gray she cat

Blackstripe- sleek black and gray tabby tom

Brackenear- golden brown tabby tom

Frostflower- pretty white she cat with blue eyes
Apprentice, Fernpaw

Spottedflare- tortoiseshell she cat with a single ginger paw

Stonehaze- silver tabby tom

Deerspot- light brown she cat with white spots

Mudpelt- mud brown tom

Apprentice, Firepaw

APPRENTICES
Stormpaw- silver tabby tom with black spots and white paws, chest, and underbelly

Fernpaw- gray tabby she cat

Cloudpaw- white she cat

Firepaw- ginger tom

QUEENS
Redfur- red she cat

Shadedsky- dark gray she cat

Lightflame- white she cat with ginger splotches; mother of Mudpelt's kits(Barkkit- brown tom, Petalkit- calico she cat, Brightkit- white she cat with ginger splotches, Poppykit- white tom with ginger and brown splotches)

Mosspelt- brown and black she cat

ELDERS
Lichenfrost- black and white tom

Goldspot- yellow she cat with darker spots

Willowleaf- light gray tabby she cat with leaf-green eyes

Dapplespot- dappled brown tom

SHADOWCLAN
LEADER
Wolfstar- dark gray and white tom

DEPUTY
Nettlesplash- brown tabby tom

MEDICINE CAT
Pinestripe- golden brown tabby tom

WARRIORS
Cinderfern- red tom

Finchfeather- brown she cat

Jumpbriar- brown tom

Hawkswoop- dark brown tabby tom with a white chest

Rosebush- fluffy white she cat

Flarewind- ginger tom
Apprentice, Ratpaw

Brightmoon- light brown tabby she cat

Rockheart- dark gray tom

Heatherberry- speckled white she cat

Hollystream- black she cat
Apprentice, Cedarpaw

Toadleap- black and white tom

Spiketail- dark gray tabby tom with a spiky tail
Apprentice, Fawnpaw

Flowerstem- tortoiseshell she cat

Dawnmoon- dark cream tom

Maplefrost- orange and white she cat

Nightmoon- black tom

Bristleshine- golden she cat
Apprentice, Mumblepaw

Brindlepelt- brown tabby she cat

Toadskip- young black and white tom

APPRENTICES
Cedarpaw- red brown tom

Ratpaw- dark gray tom

Mumblepaw- brown tom,slightly clumsy

Fawnpaw- light brown tabby she cat

QUEENS
Mossleaf- brown tabby she cat; mother of Dawnmoon's kits(Applekit- dark cream tom with brown paws, Berrykit- cream tom, Sedgekit- brown tabby she cat)

Yarrowsong- white she cat

Dapplemist- dappled gray she cat

ELDERS
Torntail- dark brown tabby tom with a torn tail

Frogleap- brown and black tom with a graying muzzle

Shadefur- black she cat

Orangewhisker- orange tabby she cat

WINDCLAN
LEADER
Morningstar- brown she cat with white patches and a graying muzzle

DEPUTY
Runningbreeze- swift tabby tom

MEDICINE CAT
Ravenwing- black and white she cat

WARRIORS
Breezestripe- gray tabby tom

Gorsewind- light brown tabby tom

Apprentice, Eaglepaw

Heatherpelt- pale brown she cat
Apprentice, Chivepaw

Crowfall- dark gray tom

Emberlight- ginger tom
Apprentice, Kestrelpaw

Barknose- brown tom

Ebonywing- black she cat

Finchfeather- gray tabby she cat

Addertooth- dark brown tom

Rabbitear- cream she cat with tall ears

Larchfeather- tortoiseshell she cat
Apprentice, Harepaw

Whitewind- white she cat
Apprentice,Owlpaw

Ivyfrost- light gray and white she cat

Beechstalk- pale brown tom

APPRENTICES
Chivepaw- speckled gray tom

Owlpaw- gray and white she cat

Harepaw- light brown tom

Kestrelpaw- brown and white tom

Eaglepaw- gray tabby tom

QUEENS
Meadowdawn- golden brown tabby she cat; mother of Crowfall's

kits(Jaykit- gray tabby tom, Brackenkit- golden brown tabby tom, Dustkit- brown tom, Ashkit- dark gray she cat, Sagekit- gray she cat)

Fawntail- brown she cat

Swiftfoot- black and white she cat; mother of Addertooth's kits(Spotkit- black and white tom, Aspenkit- dark brown and black she cat)

Palecloud- plae gray and white she cat

Sunlight- golden yellow she cat

ELDERS
Pigeoneye- gray and brown tom with bright yellow eyes

Ryestalk- pale brown tabby tom

Yewtail- ginger she cat

Oneear- old black tom; deaf in one ear

Seedwhisker- calico she cat

RIVERCLAN
LEADER
Driftstar- gray tom

DEPUTY
Ripplenose- black tom

MEDICINE CAT
Icewind- white tom

WARRIORS
Fishscale- silver tabby tom
Apprentice, Troutpaw

Mudpool- mud brown tom

Streamsong- light gray she cat

Blizzardfur- white tom

Cherrybreeze- red she cat
Apprentice, Dewpaw

Creektuft- blue gray tom

Dovefeather- light gray she cat
Apprentice, Otterpaw

Flamepelt- ginger tom

Swallowing- black she cat

Pikeclaw- dark brown and white tabby tom
Apprentice, Minnowpaw

Pebblesong- speckled brown she cat

Rainfall- light gray she cat
Apprentice, Rowanpaw

Gullfrost- white tortoiseshell tom

Hailclaw- silver tom with thick black stripes

Shimmersong- silver she cat

Sleektail- yellow tabby she cat
Apprentice, Willowpaw

Shrewheart- plae brown tom

Goosewing- speckled gray tom

APPRENTICES
Troutpaw- silver tabby tom

Dewpaw- light gray tom

Rowanpaw- dark ginger she cat

Willowpaw- gray she cat with white stripes and paws

Otterpaw- small brown tom

QUEENS
Mistfur- gray she cat

Snowpelt- white she cat; mother of Mudpool's kits(Whitekit- white tom, Brownkit- brown tom, Softkit- brown and white she cat)

Blossomsong- brown and white she cat

Petalbreeze- calico she cat

ELDERS
Eelwhisker- black tom

Podleap- pale ginger tom

Echomoon- silver tabby she cat

Honeydew- pale brown she cat

Beetlepelt- black and white tom

Ch.1

[image]

(Cat above is Stormpaw)

The sun had never set more slowly. Stormpaw sat outside the apprentices' den, watching the sun sink behind the trees. He was giving himself a thorough grooming, as a few stars of Silverpelt began to show.

Tonight's the gathering. Do I have to go? I've gone before.

He heard a rustle from the den and his sister, Fernpaw slipped out. Her fur was neatly groomed and he eyes shone with excitement.

"Are you ready?" She asked. "Fallowstar is already gathered at the gorse tunnel. Cats are joining him now."

"I suppose I am." Stormpaw grumbled.

He followed his sister across the clearing to the gathered cats. They took their places next to the other apprentices, Cloudpaw and Firepaw. He looked over the warriors in front of him and spotted his parents, Stonehaze and Rainflight, waiting next to one another. Further up he spotted his mentor, Branchtail.

Suddenly a cat nudged his side. "Are you excited?" Cloudpaw asked.

"Why should I be? This isn't my first gathering." Stormpaw answered.

"This isn't the first gathering for any of us." Cloudpaw meowed, sweeping her tail to indicate the four apprentices. "But gatherings are always exciting."

Stormpaw stared at the snowy she cat. He wished he could share her optimism but only despair filled his mind.

At last Fallowstar raised his tail to lead the cats who had been chosen to go to the gathering. As the trekked to the gathering, Stormpaw's despair slows beagn to ease. *I need to try and enjoy the gathering. Or else Cloudpaw will get on to me about being no fun.*

Finally, they crossed the fallen tree that serves as their bridge to the island. Stormpaw lifted his nose and picked up the familiar scents of the other clans.

Fallowstar slipped through the crowd of cats and leapt onto the Great Oak. Oakflame took his spot among the other deputies at the roots of the tree. Stormpaw followed Fernpaw over to the group of apprentices. Firepaw and Cloudpaw had already gathered and were busy gossiping with the other apprentices.

"Hi, Stormpaw." A brown tom called out to him.

"Hi, Mumblepaw." Stormpaw greeted back. "Where's Cedarpaw?"

"He's back at camp keeping Ratpaw company." Mumblepaw mewed.

Stormpaw's tail twitched. "What happened to Ratpaw?"

"Twolegs have been putting traps in our territory and Ratpaw got his leg caught in one so he can't walk." Mumblepaw explained.

Before Stormpaw could respond, a cat's voice rang out across the clearing. "Cats of all clans! Welcome!" It was RiverClan's leader, Driftstar. "Morningstar, would you like to speak first?"

Morningstar dipped her head and rose to her paws. Stormpaw noticed that her brown and white muzzle was beginning to gray.

"WindClan is doing well." Morningstar began. "A new litter of kits has been born to Swiftfoot and tonight my sons, Kestrelpaw and Eaglepaw, join their clan as apprentices."

Stormpaw looked through the group of apprentices and spotted the newcomers. Kestrelpaw had brown fur with white patches like Morningstar while Eaglepaw was a gray tabby like their father, Breezestripe.

Morningstar dipped her head again to Driftstar before resuming her seat.

Driftstar turned to ShadowClan's leader. "Wolfstar, would you like to speak next?"

Wolfstar nodded and rose to his paws. "Prey is running well." He announced. "ShadowClan also brings a new warrior tonight- Toadskip."

Several ShadowClan warriors beagn to call out the new warrior's name. Stormpaw strained his head to look through the crowd of cats. He finally spotted Toadskip among the ShadowClan warriors. He was no bigger than him or older than him. He had black and white fur and bright green eyes. When the noise died down, Fallowstar rose to speak.

"Prey is running well for ThunderClan. A new litter of kits has been born to Lightflame." He paised for a moment. "A couple of days ago, Marshtail, Brackenear, and Spottedflare encountered a loner living inside out territory."

He dipped his head and retook his spot. Several low murmurs rippled through the crowd.

"I bet ThunderClan's going to take him in." Stormpaw heard a nearby RiverClan warrior mutter to his clanmate beside him. "A clan full of kittypets, rogues, and loners."

Stormpaw's tail twitched irritably. He knew we'll enough what the warrior was referring to. Marshtail had once been a rogue by the name Tank. Redfur was once a kittypet named Baily. Spottedflare had been a loner named Sasha.

If this weren't a gathering, I'd shredd that tom's ears off! How dare he speak of ThunderClan that way!

Stormpaw wrapped his tail neatly around his paws and shook his thoughts away. It was Driftstar's turn to speak.

"All is well in RiverClan." He began. "The lake is full of fish and we have a new apprentice, Otterpaw."

Stormpaw noticed Otterpaw, a small brown tom, lower his head shyly as the gathered cats called out his name.

Once the island was quiet, all four leaders leapt from their branches and called to their clans. Stormpaw said his goodbye to Mumblepaw then hurried to catch up with Fernpaw. No cat spoke as the trekked home or when they entered through the the tunnel.

"How'd it go?" Firepaw's mentor, Mudpelt called from the warriors' den.

"Fine." Fallowstar muttered. Without any more discussion on the gathering, he slipped into his den.

Oakflame and Whitepool exchange glances. Shadedsky, Fallowstar's mate, emerged from the nursery and padded over to the two toms.

"Is something bothering him?" She asked.

Oakflame shook his head. "I'm not sure."

"I'll go talk with him." Shadedsky meowed. She padded across the clearing and disappeared into Fallowstar's den.

"It's late. Get some rest." Branchtail meowed.

Stormpaw nodded then glanced over at Fernpaw. She flashed him a small smile then slipped into the apprentices' after Cloudpaw and Firepaw.

Stormpaw took once last look at the leader's den. His curiosity bubbled inside him. Was something bothering Fallowstar? Had his leader heard that RiverClan warrior?

Stormpaw sighed then slipped into his den. He curled up in his and wrapped his tail tightly around himself. He found it hard to sleep but eventually sleep washed over him like a black wave.

Ch.2

[image]

(Cat above is Branchtail)

Stormpaw struggled underneath the weigh pushing down on him. "Alright, Fernpaw! Get off!" He spat at his sister.

Fernpaw let out a small huff of laughter and sprang to her paws. Stormpaw staggered to his paws and gave his fur a quick shake. Branchtail sat off to the side along with Fernpaw's mentor, Frostflower.

The brown warrior was shaking his head. "No. You aren't being careful and aware. When you leap onto her back, you need to be aware that she could roll over and crush you." He padded over to Stormpaw. "Luckily for you Fernpaw is your size. If this were a real battle, you could've been seriously injured. Now try again."

Stormpaw sighed. This was the sixth time he had been told to try again. Fernpaw was already facing him, ready for him to attack once more. Stormpaw leapt at her again and this time landed on her back and leapt off as she rolled over. He flashed a glance at Branchtail.

His mentor have him an approving nod. "Good."

Frostflower noticed Fernpaw let out a yawn. "I think that's enough training for today." She mewed. "Good job, both of you."

"I agree." Branchtail meowed. "Let's head back to camp."

The four cats began to make their way through the forest. Branchtail had said nothing more to Stormpaw as they walked and Stormpaw's pelt prickled with uneasiness. *Is he disappointed in me?*

As they slipped through the gorse tunnel, Branchtail and Frostflower departed to the warriors' den.

Stormpaw made his way to the apprentices' den and sprawled himself out. Fernpaw joined him with two mice dangling from her mouth. She dropped one in front of him then sat down with the other.

"What are you so disappointed about?" She asked.

Stormpaw simply looked up at her. "I'm not disappointed."

"A mouse on the moor could have heard your tail hit the ground," Fernpaw mewed.

"I feel like Branchtail is disappointed in me." Stormpaw admitted.

"I'm sure he's not. You're not going to be good at a move on the first try." Fernpaw meowed, swallowing a bite of her mouse. "Branchtail knows that. He probably just wants you to train harder."

Stormpaw flashed his sister another look before he sat and dug into his mouse. Once they had both finished their meals, the two siblings continued to sit in silence. After a few moments, Stormpaw opened his mouth to speak, when suddenly Firepaw came racing across the clearing to mee them with Cloudpaw behind him.

"It's tomorrow!" Firepaw announced excitedly.

"What is?" Fernpaw asked.

"My warrior ceremony!" Firepaw exclaimed.

"He just got back from his assessment." Cloudpaw mewed. "Mudpelt and Fallowstar finally decided it was time he earned his name."

"Fallowstar's holding the ceremony first thing in the morning!" Firepaw beamed as he slipped into the apprentices' den with Cloudpaw following.

Stormpaw watched them leave, a hint of jealousy tugging at him. Firepaw was the oldest apprentice but he hadn't trained as long as Stormpaw had, due to a case of greencough that had left him in Whitepool's den for a moon.

"It's about time Firepaw moved into the warriors' den." Fernpaw commented.

"I wish *we* were being assessed." Stormpaw muttered. "We've trained longer."

"It wasn't Firepaw's fault his case of greencough was so bad." Fernpaw retorted. "And besides he's still older and more experienced."

Stormpaw's only reply was a snort. *I shouldn't be having to train anymore. What more do I need to learn?*

He looked to the warriors den as his father Stonehaze slipped out with Brackenear and Deerspot.

Life's going to be a lot better once I'm a warrior.

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Stormpaw returned to the camp carrying three mice. Branchtail led him through the thorn tunnel, a wood pigeon in his jaws. He dropped it on a fresh-kill pile that had already been restocked by another hunting patrol.

"You did well." he congratulated him. Stormpaw felt relieved that he had made up for the battle training.

Stormpaw dropped his kill of f then padded to the apprentices' den. Inside, the nests were empty except for Cloudpaw's. He could see her snow-white pelt rising and falling gently as she slept. She was as beautiful. Stormpaw had developed a crush on her after training for several moons.

"Sleeping late?" He asked.

Cloudpaw's head shot up. She glared at him the gave her slender body a long stretch. "I've already been hunting and on a patrol." She

meowed, playfully. "What have you done today?"

"Hunting, Battle training." Stormpaw flicked his ears.

Cloudpaw simply smiled slyly as she slipped past him and out of the den. Stormpaw followed her and walked out just in time to see Firepaw and Fernpaw walk through the thorn tunnel with fresh kill in their jaws. His sister was looking at the ginger tom with a look he had never seen her make before.

The two apprentices dropped of their catches and Stormpaw saw Firepaw mew something to Fernpaw. Fernpaw smiled then pressed her muzzle to his.

Stormpaw tilted his head to one side. *Fernpaw and Firepaw? How long has this been going on?*

He turned to Cloudpaw. "Have you noticed Firepaw and Fernpaw?"

Cloudpaw nodded. "She likes him. She told me"

Stormpaw's tail twitched. He was happy Fernpaw found a tom she liked but she was too young. And his sister.

He shook his head and slipped back into the den. He padded over to his nest and curled up, wrapping his tail around him.

First Branchtail's disappointed in me, then Firepaw's becoming a warrior, and now Fernpaw likes him.

Why can't anything go right?

Ch.3

[image]

(Cat above is Firepaw)

"Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior name. Firepaw, from this moment you will be known as Fireclaw. StarClan honors your strengths and your loyalty, and we welcome you as a full warrior of ThunderClan."

When he finished speaking Fallowstar stepped up to Fireclaw and rested his muzzle on his bowed head. Fireclaw licked his shoulder respectfully, then walked over to stand between Ashshade and Mudpelt.

"Fireclaw! Fireclaw!"

Just as he had said, Fireclaw's warrior ceremony happened first thing in the morning. Stormpaw was next Cloudpaw, who was chanting along with the rest of the clan. When the noise died down the clan dispersed, some going to congratulate the new warrior, other going to do their duties.

Fernpaw, who had been on Stormpaw's other side, races over to Fireclaw and pressed her muzzle against his. Fireclaw returned her gesture, whispered something to her, then was escorted by Brackenear and Spottedflare to the warriors' den.

Stormpaw rolled his eyes then slipped under the brambles that sheltered the apprentice den. Gray clouds moved sluggishly across the sky and he could scent rain on the breeze. Shivering, he sat down, licking one paw and rubbing it over his face. Cloudpaw joined him in the den a few heartbeats later. Stormpaw could see her lithe body shivering as well.

"A thin drizzle set in." She mewed.

"It'd be pointless for Oakflame to send out a hunting patrol."

Stormpaw commented. "All the prey will be in their holes."

Cloudpaw let out a small huff of laughter then licked a paw and ran it over her muzzle. The two apprentices sat in silence for a few moments.

"So," Stormpaw meowed after a while. "What do you think of Fireclaw's name?"

Cloudpaw looked up from where she had been resting. "I like it. Fallowstar gave him a fitting name."

"What do you think yours will be?" Stormpaw asked.

Cloudpaw shrugged. "I'm not sure. I've often wondered what Fallowstar would name me."

"Rainflight and Stonehaze think I'll be named for my spots." Stormpaw mewed.

"Probably." Cloudpaw smiled. "What else would you be named for?"

Stormpaw gave a small smile then curled up in his nest and rested his head on his paws.

I don't really mind my name. What would I be honored for?

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Stormpaw padded over to the fresh kill pile, a couple of shrews dangling from his jaw. He dropped his prey off then turned and headed for the apprentice den.

A few days had passed since Fireclaw's ceremony. Stormpaw didn't see much of him now that the ginger tom spent most of his time with warriors. When he wasn't doing that, he was off somewhere with Fernpaw.

Stormpaw rolled his eyes as he sat outside the den. He spotted Oakflame padding over to Stonehaze when suddenly Marshtail emerged into the camp. The brown and black tom's fur was sticking out and he was panting.

"Fallowstar!" He called. "Oakflame!"

Fallowstar emerged from his den and raced across the clearing with Oakflame behind him.

"What is it?" Fallowstar asked.

"It's ShadowClan." Marshtail explained. "I spotted them across our boders. I think they moved thier borders into our territory."

A growl rumbled in Fallowstar's throat. He turned back and ran up to the Highledge. "Oakflame," he called to his deputy. "Take Marshtail, Branchtail, Deerspots, Frostflower, and Stormpaw and go take care of those trespassers."

Stormpaw raced across the clearing after Oaklfame's patrol. He fell into a run beside Branchtail. The ShadowClan scent became stronger and stronger, until they reached the top of a gentle slope and spotted the patrol setting more markers in the hollow on the far side. There were four ShadowClan cats: Nettlesplash, Flarewind, Maplefrost, and Nightmoon.

"Nettlesplash!" Oakflame called to the ShadowClan deputy. "What are you doing here?" All four ShadowClan cats whipped around to face the ThunderClan patrol.

"What do you suppose we're doing?" Nettlesplash mewed insolently.

"We suppose you're trying to steal our territory," Branchtsil hissed. Stormpaw's pelt prickled. He had never seen his mentor so enraged.

"We have our territory and ShadowClan has theirs" Marshtail mewed. "Has Wolfstar forgotten that?"

"That was then," meowed Maplefrost.

"ShadowClan needs more space." Nettlesplash narrowed his eyes at

Oakflame. "And ThunderClan is too weak to defend it anyway."

Stormpaw felt a growl rising in his throat. *What has happened in the last moon that had made ThunderClan look weak?! Just these four wait. We'll show them just how "weak" ThunderClan is.*

His claws sank into the ground. "Get out of our territory!" he snarled at Nettlesplash. Stormpaw knew this wasn't his place to speak. *I should let Oakflame take care of this. He's the deputy.* He flashed a glance at Branchtail. His mentor's eyes shone with pride, not anger.

Nettlesplash curled his lip. "I don't think so."

Letting out a fearsome screech, Oakflame hurled himself down into the hollow. His first rush landed him on top of Nettlesplash; his claws raked across his shoulder. He writhed under the ThunderClan deputy's weight, his eyes blazing with anger.

Stormpaw caught a glimpse of Marshtail locked in battle with Flarewind, his hind paws battering his belly, while Maplefrost and Nightmoon battled with Branchtail. Stormpaw sprang to help his mentor.

He leaped on top of Nightmoon, gripping the black tom's neck fur in his teeth. Maplefrost bit his scruff in attempt to yank him off her clanmate; Stormpaw lashed out with his hind legs to beat her off. He rolled on the ground in a tangle of fur and mingled scents, unsure which cats were his enemies and which were his clanmates.

Stormpaw managed to throw Maplefrost off him, leaving Branchtail to face Nightmoon. Before he could react, Nettlesplash lunged at Stormpaw, gripping the apprentice's scruff.

Stormpaw wiggled to get free but Neetlesplash's grip wouldn't budge. Thinking quick, Stormpaw turned and struck the ShadowClan deputy across his muzzlec cause him to stumnle back.

"Enough!" Nettlesplash yowled.

Deerspots bit down hard on Maplefrsot's ear and sprang away from her flailing paws. Frostflowers rolled away from Flarewind and

came to her paws snarling. Both ShadowClan warriors turned and fled, but Nettlesplash and Nightmoon stood thier ground a few heartbeats longer.

"Don't think you've won, ThunderClan," he spat, his sides heaving. "ShadowClan *will* set a new border."

"Not in ThunderClan borders," Oakflame retorted. "Now get back to your own territory."

His eyes glaring hatred, Nettlesplash let out a furious hiss before turning to flee after his Clanmate with Nightmoon behind him.

When Oakflame and his patrol returned to camp after renewing the scent markers, they slipped through the thorn tunnel to find Fallowstar standing on the Highledge, with the rest of the Clan gathered below.

"Are we going to attack them?" Mudpelt called.

"Would that be wise?" Rainflight asked the brown warrior. "Are we prepared to fight?"

Oakflame shouldered his way through the clan with Whitepool beside him.

"What is your order, Fallowstar?" Oakflame asked.

"From now on," Fallowstar ordered, "all patrols should look for signs of ShadowClan warriors on our territory."

"And what if we see them trying to set new borders?" Larkwatcher called.

"Let them." Fallowstar answered.

"We're just let them set their borders in our territory?!" Blackstripe hissed. "I agree with Mudpelt. Let's attack their camp!"

Whitepool flicked the dark tom with his tail. "That is Fallowstar's order." The medicine cat mewed. "If this is what he thinks is best then you will obey him."

Blackstripe's only reply was an unintelligible low mew. Fallowstar flicked his tail to dismiss the clan. Stormpaw made his way to the apprentice den, his mind swirling.

Why would Fallowstar let ShadowClan set new brorders?

Ch.4

[image]

(Cat above is Fallowstar)

Stormpaw maneuvered a long tendril of bramble through the tunnel into the stone hollow. He began to drag it across the clearing, stumbling as it suddenly stop moving with him.

He dropped his end and glanced back to see Barkkit. The brown tom had sunk his teeth into the other end of the tendril and was battering it with his paws.

"ShadowClan are trespassing!" Petalkit squealed, dashing up beside her brother and leaping onto the bramble. "Get out of our territory!"

Lightflame, the kits' mother, came padding over to them. Her other kits, Poppykit and Brightkit were trailing behind her.

"Come on you two." Lightflame mewed. "Stormpaw needs this to patch the elders' den."

"Can we help?" Petalkit asked.

"Yes,can we?" Barkkit agreed, letting go of the bramble.

"Okay, but be careful you don't get thorns in your pads."Stormpaw meowed.

The two kits tried to help him tug it along, but instead they got under his paws and made the task harder. When they drew closer to the elders' den, Barkkit and Petalkit dashed across to Willowleaf and Lichenfrost, who were sunning themselves at the entrance to the den.

So much for helping.

"Can you tell us a story?" Barkkit asked.

Willowleaf smiled. "You tell them something," she mewed to Lichenfrost. "You're better at it."

"What do you want to hear?" Lichenfrost asked.

Barkkit and Petalkit looked at each other for a moment. Stormpaw turned his ear to listen. Even though he was an apprentice on the verge of getting his warrior name, he still enjoyed the elders' stories.

"Tell them about how Fallowstar became leader." He mewed. He turned to the kits. "It's my favorite story. I'm sure you two will like it."

Lichenfrost smiled, stretching his back legs out behind him. He turned his gaze from Stormpaw toward the kits. "Is that what you want to hear?"

"Yes!" Both kits squealed.

"Well, believe it or not, Fallowstar was never deputy." Lichenfrost began.

"He wasn't?" Barkkit asked.

"No." Lichenfrost continued. "It happened many moons ago. At the time he was known as Fallowdrift. Our leader at the time, Emberstar, was killed in battle."

"Who was the deputy? What happened to him?" Petalkit squeaked.

"Our deputy was a tom named Smokecloud. He had died of his battle wounds that following night. He was never able to make the journey to get his nine lives." Lichenfrost answered.

"How did you know Fallowstar was supposed to be leader?" Barkkit asked.

"Whitepool's mentore received a message from StarClan telling her that it was Fallowstar who was destined to be ThunderClan's leader." Lichenfrost mewed, wrapping his tail around himself. "His mentor was a she cat named, Juniperleaf. She was one of the wisest

medicine cats at the time."

Stormpaw twitched his ears at the medicine cat's name. She had died before he was born. Whitepool never spoke of her and when someone else did he would turn and leave. Stormpaw always wondered why the medicine cat never spoke of his mentor but he chose not to bother him with it.

He finished the last of the nest and went and took care of the remains of the old nests. When he retuned, he spotted Barkkit and Petalkit outside the nursery telling the story to Poppykit and Brightkit. He smiled at the four kits. He always made it seem like the kits annoyed him and that he would be too busy for them, but Stormpaw knew he would want kits if his own.

But with who? He wondered to himself. *Cloudpaw? No. She couldn't possibly like me in that way. Why would she?*

He turned and headed across the clearing toward the fresh kill pile, wincing slightly on his sore paws. He had been on the dawn patrol, training with Branchtail, and now cleaning the elders' nest. He reached the pile and picked out a plump shrew. He padded to the apprentice den and ate the shrew in a few hungry bites.

Once he was done eating, he looked up and gazed around the camp. Everything was calm which made his pelt prickle. Why could he feel like something was wrong?

As if answering his question, Fireclaw burst through the thorn tunnel, his ginger fur sticking out and his blue eyes were wide.

"Fireclaw, what's wrong?" Oakflame called from the warriors' den.

Stormpaw felt his heart speed up as Fireclaw called out, his voice clear and loud.

"ShadowClan have invaded our territory!"

Short chapter, I know.

Chapter 5 will be better and longer. I promise!!

See ya!!

Ch.5

[image]

(Cat above is Wolfstar)

"Where?" Fallowstar demanded from the Highledge.

"They just crossed the border." Fireclaw answered. "Wolfstar's leading them."

Fallowstar leapt from the Highledge and raced towards the thorn tunnel. "Warriors and apprentices come with me. Fireclaw, Marshtail, and Rainflight stay behind in case any ShadowClan cats get to the camp." He called over his shoulder.

He slipped through the thorn tunnel with Oakflame and the warriors following. Stormpaw fell into a run beside Cloudpaw, Fernpaw on his other side. It wasn't long before the scent of the oncoming ShadowClan cats filled his nose. Fallowstar lead the oatrol to the top of the slope where they had met the ShadowClan patrol earlier.

Below them, Wolfstar, Nettlesplash and their warriors were waiting. Stormpaw spotted Mumblepaw and Cedarpaw. *My friends.*

"Wolfstar," Fallowstar called. "ShadowClan will not set new borders in ThunderClan."

"We'll see about that." Wolfstar challenged.

He flicked his tail and his warrior raced towards the ThunderClan cats. At Fallowstar's nodded signal, the ThunderClan cats leaped into the battle.

Stormpaw grasped a black she cat with his claws, but was shaken loose. He tumbled over and the ShadowClan warrior turned on him and gripped him with claws as sharp as a hawk's talons. He managed to twist and sink his teeth deep into the cat's flesh. The

warrior yowl and Stormpaw bit harder. The she cat screeched again, ripping herself free, and ran off into the bushes.

Stormpaw looked around at the battle. He spotted Cloudpaw battle with a brown tabby ShadowClan she cat. Fernpaw was fighting a fluffy white warrior. *I've never seen them fight like this.*

He remembered that this was his clan's fight and leapt at the nearest ShadowClan cat. He already had the warrior pinned to the ground and gave him a vicious bite. The injured cat raced away back across the border. Stormpaw looked around. The only ShadowClan cats left in the battle were Wolfstar, Nettlesplash, Maplefrost, and Spiketail.

"Wolfstar, this battle is over." Fallowstar announced. "Go back to your border."

"ThunderClan hasn't won yet." Wolfstar hissed before he turned and vanished across the border with his clan mates following.

Fallowstar flicked his tail. "Let's returns to camp. We'll refresh the scent markers in the morning."

The moon had risen in the quiet sky as the ThunderClan party began to trudge home. When they emerged through the thorn tunnel, the rest of the clan greeted them, anxious to hear of the battle.

"How did it go?" Marshtail asked.

"We were victorious." Oakflame answered.

Several murmurs ripples through the crowd, some of worry and some of cheer. Fallowstar began to make his way to the Highledge. He stopped and turned to looked at Stormpaw, Fernpaw, and Cloudpaw.

"Did they fight well?" He asked, turning to their mentors.

"Like warriors." Branchtail replied solemnly.

Fallowstar gave a slight nod. He padded over to stand in front of

the three apprentices. He lifted his chin and fixed his eyes on Silverpelt. "I, Fallowstar, leader of ThunderClan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on these three apprentices. They have trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend them to you as warriors in their turn." He looked down at Cloudpaw. "Cloudpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend your Clan, even at the cost of your life?"

"I do." Cloudpaw replied, her voice loud and clear.

"Then by the powers of StarClan I give you your warrior name. Cloudpaw, from this moment you will be known as Cloudwing. StarClan honors your intelligence and your fighting skill, and we welcome you as a full warrior of ThunderClan."

Fallowstar stepped forward and rested his muzzle on Cloudwing's head. Cloudwing gave his shoulder a respectful lick then stepped back to stand a little bit in front of Ashshade and Mudpelt.

Fallowstar turned to Fernpaw. "Fernpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend your Clan, even at the cost of your life?"

"I do." Fernpaw mewed, her whiskers twitching with excitement.

"Then by the powers of StarClan I give you your warrior name. Fernpaw, from this moment you will be known as Fernshade. StarClan honors your spirit and independence, and we welcome you as a full warrior of ThunderClan."

Just as he did for Cloudwing, Fallowstar placed his muzzle on Fernshade's head. Stormpaw felt excitement stir in his chest as his sister licked her leader's shoulder then stepped back to stand beside Cloudwing.

Stormpaw felt anticipation stir within him. *Finally! It's my turn!*

"Stormpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend your Clan, even at the cost of your life?" Fallowstar meowed, eyeing Stormpaw with prideful eyes.

"I do." Stormpaw declared.

"Then by the powers of StarClan I give you your warrior name. Stormpaw, from this moment you will be known as Stormspot. StarClan honors your dedication and your loyalty , and we welcome you as a full warrior of ThunderClan."

Fallowstar stepped forward and rested his muzzle on top of Stormspot's bowed head. Stormspot gave his shoulder a respectful lick, then walked over to stand beside Fernshade.

The Clan began to chant the new warrior names. "Cloudwing! Fernshade! Stormspot!"

Fallowstar flicked his tail, dismissing the clan. Stormspot's chest swelled with pride as his clanmates swarmed him, congratulating him.

"I'm so proud of you two!" Rainflight mewed, giving Stormspot and Fernshade each a lick between the ears.

"It's about time you three earned your names." Stonehaze agreed. "All three of you fought bravely."

As his parents padded away, Stormspot looked around until he spotted Branchtail. He made his way over to him, rolling his eyes ad he passed Fireclaw and Fernshade, who were pelt to pelt as always.

"Branchtail, I want to thank you for being a great mentor." He mewed, to his former mentor.

"I was a good mentor," Branchtail agreed. "but your hard work and dedication earned you your warrior name."

He flashed a smile before padding off to the warriors' den. Stormspot turned and walked over to the clearing so he could start his vigil. As he walked he spotted Cloudwing talking excitedly with her mother, Deerspot. He turned to look for Fernshade and, just as he suspected, she was still talking with Fireclaw.

After awhile the two she cats left their companions and joined Stormspot in the clearing. They each flashed each other smiles before looking ahead, prepared to watch over the clan for the night, as their ancestors roamed the sky above them.

Ch.6

[image]

(Cat above is Marshtail)

The sun was already above the trees by the time Stormspot awoke. A couple of days had passed since his warrior ceremony. He looked over at Fernshade, who was still sound asleep.

He stifled a purr of amusement before ducking out of the den. Cats were gathered around Oakflame for patrols. Stormspot weaved among them, hoping he would get picked for a patrol.

"Brackenear, take Spottedflare, Mudpelt and Fireclaw and patrol near WindClan's border." Oakflame ordered.

Brackenear nodded then went and assembled his cats. Stormspot made his way past the patrol and up to Oakflame.

"Do you need me in a patrol?" He asked, a little too eagerly.

"Unfortunately, I've already sent out two patrols," Oakflame mewed. "but you can go hunting."

Stormspot's tail dropped with disappointment. "Alright."

"Hunt near our edge of the lake." Oakflame meowed. "Marshtail's hunting near the ShadowClan border."

Stormspot nodded and headed for the thorn tunnle. He ran at a steady pace through the trees until he reached his destination. The many scents of prey filled his nose. Soon he spotted a vole scurrying around trying to find its own food.

Stormspot crouched low to the ground and crept toward the vole that was now scuffling under a leaf. He darted forward and trapped the vole under his paws. He killed the vole with a swift bite to the neck.

He burried his catch then contined on. After a while of hunting, Stormspot turned to retrace his pawsteps and dig up his catches when suddenly an loud shriek erupted in the forest.

Stormspot's ears twitched. *Who was that?* He wondered. Then he realized where the cry had come from. It had come from the ShadowClan border. *Marshtail!*

Stormspot turned and took of running towrad the ShadowClan border. He didn't care about hunting anymore. If Marshtail was in trouble he needed to help him.

By the time Stormspot teached the border, he felt to tired to fight. He skidded to a halt and looked around. There were no ShadowClan warriors in sight. But there was a scrap of brown and black fur lying at the base of a tree.

Stormspot padded over. It was Marshtail. The warrior's pelt was stained with blood. His stomach had been sliced and a pool of blood had formed.

He was dead.

Stormspot sniffed at Marshtail's body and around the base of the tree. He couldn't pick up any trace of and ShadowClan warrior's scent.

He closed his eyes and gave a small prayer to StarClan before he positioned Marshtail on his back and began to head back to ThunderClan.

As he neared the thorn tunnel, he spotted Brackenear's patrol. He spotted Fireclaw at the rear of the group.

"Fireclaw!" Stormspot called to the ginger warrior.

Fireclaw's eyes widened when he noticed Marshtail on Stormspot's back. He raced over and he looked to shocked to speak.

"Marshtail! What happened?" He asked.

"I found him dead by the ShadowClan border." Stormspot answered.

"I couldn't find any traces of ShadowClan scent on him but who else would have killed him?"

Fireclaw nodded sadly then helped carry Marshtail into camp. When the two padded through they were immediately swarmed by their clanmates. A mix of sad and angry mews could be heard throughout the camp.

Fallowstar weaved his way through the crowd of cats with Oakflame behind him. He gazed down and Marshtail's body.

"I shouldn't have sent him hunting near the ShadowClan border." Oakflame's mew was sorrowful. "I knew we were having conflicts with ShadowClan."

Fallowstar laid his tail on his deputy's shoulder. "It's not your fault. No cat here can prevent what ShadowClan has planned."

Oakflame didn't reply. Fallowstar pressed his nose into the dead warrior's fur, several clanmates following suit. Stormspot slipped into the warriors' den and curled in his nest.

"StarClan will welcome such a loyal warrior." He heard Dapplespot mewed, mournfully.

If I had gotten there quicker, Marshtail might still be alive.

Fernshade padded into the den and over to his nest. "Are you alright?"

"Marshtail would probably still be alive if I had reached him quicker." Stormspot answered.

Fernshade sat down and ran her tail along her brother's back. "You can't prevent every cat's death. You heard his cry and reached him to bring his body back to camp so that we could remember him and give him a proper burial." She licked Stormspot between the ears. "If you hadn't heard him it could have been days until we found him."

Stormspot didn't reply. He simply wrapped his tail around himself and rested his head on his paws. Fernshade gave him on last lick

between the ears then slipped back out of the den.

Stormspot sighed and closed his eyes.

I'm sorry, Marshtail.

*

*

*

Stormspot sighed as he layed outside the warriors' den. That morning the clan had awakened early to hold the burial for Marshtail.

He looked around the camp for someone to talk with, hoping that would make him feel better. He spotted Fernshade but decided not to talk with her right now, as she was in a conversation with Fireclaw...as she was everyday.

Instead he spotted Stonehaze sitting alone near the fresh kill pile. He slowly made his way to join his father.

"Hi." He mewed, glumly.

"Hi, son." Stonhaze meowed. "How are you feeling?"

"Alright, I guess." Stormspot answered.

Stonehaze moved closer and ran his tail along Stormspot's back. " Your mother and I are proud of you. Fallowstar and Oakflmae are too. Fernshade and Fireclaw mentioned that it was you who heard Marshtail's cry."

"But I didn't get there in time." Stormspot mewed.

"You rushed to his aid and brought his body back to his clan." Stonhaze continueed. "You were ready to fight if needed and carried his body. As his clanmate your did your part."

Stonehaze rose to his paws. "Rainflight and I are proud to have a

loyal warrior like you as our son."

He turned and padded to the warriors' den. Stormspot watched his father leave, his words echoing in his mind. He looked up at the sky.

I couldn't save you, Marshtail. But I'm glad I found you and brought you home.

Ch.7

[image]

(Cat above is Mumblepaw)

Stormspot sat outside the warriors' den, giving himself a quick grooming while his Clanmates hastily got ready around him, waiting to leave for the Gathering.

It was his first gathering since becoming a warrior. Cloudwing, Fernshade, and Fireclaw were excited but Stormspot was dreading it. He was nervous to see the hostility that would form between ThunderClan and ShadowClan when Fallowstar announced Marshtail's death.

"Stormspot!"Fernshade's voice came from across the clearing. "Come on, we're ready to leave."

Stormspot rose to his paws and scrambled out of the den and raced across to the thorn barrier, where his Clanmates were waiting to file through the tunnel. Fernshade flashed him a smile then turned and plunged into the tunnel, with Stormspot following.

Fallowstar set a brisk pace through the forest. The moon cast shadows over their path, and dew glittered on every blade of grass and frond of bracken. Following his Clanmates, Stormspot raced along the water's edge, splashing through the stream on the WindClan border.

Stormspot's uneasiness slowly turned to excitement as he padded along the fallen tree. They reached the clearing and Stormspot picked up the scents of RiverClan and WindClan. ShadowClan had not arrived. Fallowstar took his spot on the Great Oak while Oakflame took his spot below. Fallowstar stepped forward.

"I know it's not custom to speak without all four clan here," he began. "but there is something I wish to announce before ShadowClan arrives."

Morningstar and Driftstar glanced at wach other before nodding for Fallowstar to continue.

"Marshtail was found dead not long ago by our border with ShadowClan." Fallowstar mewed.

Murmurs rippled from the clearing. Just when Stormspot though his worries were gone, pawsteps sounded from the fallen tree. He turned his head to see ShadowClan arriving. As if Fallowstar had said nothing, the gathered RiverClan and WindClan cats welcomed them with contented mewes. The ThunderClan cats would nod politely when a ShadowClan cat walked by.

"Hey, Stormpaw!"

Stormspot turned to see Mumblepaw and Cedarpaw trotting up to him. He could see their bodies cover with faint scars from the battle but they both looked like they were recovering well.

"How are you doing?" Mumblepaw asked.

"I'm fine." Stormspot answered. "By the way, it's *Stormspot* now."

A smile beamed across Mumblepaw's face. "Congratulations."

"Did Cloudpaw and Fernpaw get theirs too?" Cedarpaw asked.

Stormspot nodded. "They're Fernshade and Cloudwing."

"That's wonderful." Cedarpaw meowed. He then raised his chin. "We got our names too."

"Really?" Stormspot meowed.

"Yes." Mumblepaw replied. "Our mentors and Wolfstar were quite impressed with how we fought in the battle. I'm Mumblestep now."

"And I'm Cedarflame."

Stormspot smiled. "Congratulations."

"The moon is full." Morningstar's mew sounded from the Great Oak.

"Let the gathering begin." She stepped up from her spot. "Prey is running well in WindClan and we have two new apprentices- Spotpaw and Aspenpaw."

Several WindClan cats welcome the two new apprentices. Morningstar retook her spot and Driftstar stepped up.

"All is well in RiverClan." He began. "Mistfur has given birth to a litter of two kits."

Several joyful mews rippled through the island. Wolfstar rose from his spot and Driftstar sat back down.

"ShadowClan is doing well. We have two new warriors- Cedarflame and Mumblestep." He announced.

Stormspot let out a purr of amusement as Mumblestep and Cedarflame raised their Chins proudly as their clanmates called out their names. Wolfstar turned to sit down and shot a small glare at Fallowstar as he did.

Fallowstar, ignoring the tom's gaze, stepped forward. "All is well in ThunderClan." He meowed. "Tonight we bring three new warriors- Cloudwing, Fernshade, and Stormspot."

Stormspot raised his chin up as his clanmates called out his name. From his other side, he could see Cloudwing and Fernshade do the same. When the noise died down, Fallowstar leapt of the branch and signaled for his clan. Stormspot began to follow when a speckled gray tom ran up to him.

"Congratulations, Stormspot." He mewed.

Stormspot smiled. "Thanks, Chiveskip."

Chiveskip turned to leave but looked over his shoulder. "Harepounce and Owlflight were right about your name having 'spot' in it."

Without another word, he turned and ran after WindClan. Stormspot let out a purr of amusement and ran to catch up with his clanmates. He caught up and walked beside Fernshade.

"That went better than I expected." She commented.

Stormspot smiled. "I think that goes for everyone."

When they returned, Shadedsky walked up to Fallowstar and pressed her muzzle to his. "How did it go?" She asked.

"Fine." Fallowstar answered.

"How did ShadowClan react when you made the announcement?" Dapplespot asked from the elders' den.

"I announced Marshtail's death before they arrived." Fallowstar mewed.

"What?!" Gasped Mosspelt from the nursery. "But that's not the custom."

"I'm aware." Fallowstar meowed. "ShadowClan didn't need to hear the news. They know what they did."

Without another word, Fallowstar filed into his den with Shadedsky following. The clan started at his den for a moment. Stormspot gazed at the expressions of his clanmates. Confusion, worry, anger.

Were they all worried about Fallowstar? Were they confused by his actions? How bad was their hatred for ShadowClan?

Stormspot entered the warriors' den, his mind racing with thoughts. He curled up in his nest and wrapped his tail around him. His mind swirled with flashbacks of ShadowClan stealing their border and Marshtail's death. Ever since, Fallowstar had been different.

Stormspot sighed and rested his head on his paws. What was wrong with his leader?

Ch.8

[image]

(Cat above is Poppykit; outline not by me but colored by me)

Stormspot woke to sounds of joyful mews. He padded out of the warriors' den to find the Clan gathered in the middle of the clearing. Fallowstar was standing on the Highledge. He joined them, taking a spot next to Fernshade and Cloudwing.

"What's going on?" He asked.

"Lightflame's kits are becoming apprentices." Fernshade replied.

Stormspot smiled at the good news. A moon had passed since the gathering and Marshtail's death. Since then ShadowClan had not bothered them, which made some of his clanmates highly suspicious of them. Stormspot, wanting to forget everything that happened in the past moon, tried to ignore all thoughts on ShadowClan.

The clan's mews died down as Lightflame emerged from the nursery with her four kits beside her. The kits' father, Mudpelt followed with a look of pride on his face.

Fallowstar bounded from the Highledge and called the four kits to stand in front of him. "Lightflame's kits have reached their sixth moon." He began. "It is time for them to join their clan as apprentices."

He moved to stand in front of Brightkit. The white and ginger she kit bounced excitedly on her paws. "Spottedflare, you will be Brightpaw's mentor. You show excellent strength and intelligence and I trust that you will pass these skills down to her."

Spottedflare nodded then bent down to touch noses with Brightpaw. Stormspot watched them with envy. He always dreamed of being a mentor.

Fallowstar turned to Petalkit. The little calico kit shuffled on her paws, obviously more nervous than her sister. "Petalpaw, your mentor will be Fireclaw." He turned to the ginger warrior. "Fireclaw, you are young and I believe that you are ready for your first apprentice. You had an excellent mentor in Mudpelt and I trust you will pass down all your learned from him."

Stormspot noticed Fernshade's light up as Fireclaw nodded then bounded up to touch noses with Petalpaw. Fallowstar continued turning to Barkkit, who was slightly bouncing on his paws. "Brackenear, you are an excellent warrior and are ready for another apprentice. You will mentor Barkpaw."

Brackenear stepped up and touched noses with Barkpaw. Last but not least, Fallowstar's gaze rested on Poppykit. The brown and ginger splotched tom bounced excitedly but was more proper than his siblings. "Stormspot." Fallowstar called.

Stormspot lifted his head at his name. *Me?!*

"You will mentor Poppypaw. You are young and ready for your first apprentice. I trust that you will pass down all that you learned from Branchtail down to Poppypaw."

Stormspot smiled and stepped forward. Poppypaw looked up him with wide yellow eyes as they touched noses. The clan began to crowd around them, congratulating the new apprentices.

Poppypaw turned to face Stormspot. "What are we doing first? Hunting? Battle training? Do you need me to help the elders?"

Stormspot stiffled a laugh at the little tom's enthusiasm. "How about we take a tour of the territory? You can help the elders when when we get back."

"Great! Let's go!" Poppypaw exclaimed.

Stormspot took the lead as they pushed their way through the thorn tunnel. The sun was slowly rising above the tree, casting an orange-yellow glow over the forest. Morning dew still clung to the grass and brushed along the cats legs as they walked.

Poppypaw padded along side Stormspot, his eyes glowing with anticipation. "The forest is so big!" He squealed. "Where are we going first?"

Stormspot stopped and gazed around the forest. *I'll have to show him the ShadowClan border at some point. Might as well get that over with.* "We'll head to the ShadowClan border."

"Cool." Poppypaw mewed. "What if we run into ShadowClan warriors?"

"Hopefully we won't." Stormspot replied. "They should stay on their side and we'll continue on."

Stormspot flicked his tail for Poppypaw to follow. They came to a spot where a wide path led away into the forest. Short grass and small, creeping plants covered it. Longer grass and ferns bordered it on either side.

"What is that?" Poppypaw asked.

"It's an old path that was created seasons ago by twolegs. It leads to an abandoned twoleg den but we won't head there." Stormspot answered.

The two cats continued on before Poppypaw bounced ahead. A bright light filtered through the trees that thinned out in front of them. Stormspot ran ahead to catch up with his apprentice. He found Poppypaw on a strip of short soft grass and sandy soil.

"Wow! The lake!" Poppypaw exclaimed.

Stormspot smiled. He pointed across the lake with his tail. "Do you see those trees and bushes?"

"Yes!" Poppypaw meowed. "What is it?"

"That's RiverClan territory."

"They're all the way on the other side!" Poppypaw squeaked.

"It is quite a walk to get to RiverClan." Stormspot agreed. "Come on,

let's keep moving."

He took the lead as the cats padded along the lakeshore. Soon, they came to a stream which emerged from the forest and flowed into the lake. "This is the ShadowClan border," He announced.

"Ew!" Poppypaw groaned, running a paw over his muzzle in attempt to cover his nose. "What is that?"

"That's ShadowClan's scent." Stormspot answered.

"They smell like foxes." Poppypaw commented. "I didn't think a cat could smell this bad."

"Well you'll need to know their scent." Stormspot pointed out, beginning to lead the way upstream. "You know that all the Clans scent-mark their boundaries. We all have to know where the borders are so we don't cross into another clan's territory. So we mark them."

"I'll get to learn how to mark them, right?" Poppypaw asked.

Stormspot nodded. "Yes. You'll be able to mark them on border patrols."

After they traveled into the forest, the stream curved away from them, but the line of ShadowClan and ThunderClan scent markers continued on. Thunderclan's lush green leaves marked their side. On the ShadowClan side, dark pines and the ground covered in a thick layer of needles.

Stormspot was ready to continue on when Poppypaw suddenly ran to the base of a tree. Stormspot followed him and noticed that the base of the tree as well as the grass around it was stained red.

"Is this where Marshtail died?" Poppypaw asked, sitting by the base.

"Yes." Stormspot answered, his voice tinted with sadness. "This is the tree where I found his body."

"Did ShadowClan kill him?"

"That's what we assumed but we could always be wrong." Stormspot answered.

Poppypaw lowered his head for a moment. Suddenly he lifted his head and began to sniff the ground. "Stormspot! Look at this!"

Stormspot padded over to Poppypaw. At the young tom's paws was a tuft of orange fur with one end tinted with white. Stormspot gave it a sniff. *There's only one cat in ShadowClan who has orange and white fur. Could Maplefrost have killed Marshtail?*

"Do you think this came of the cat that killed Marshtail?" Poppypaw asked.

"It could have." Stormspot replied. He flicked his tail. "Let's continue the tour. We'll tell Fallowstar about this when we get back."

The two cats turned away from the border and plunged deeper into the woodland. They skirted through bramble thickets, and leaped across small streams. They were coming to a wider stream which was not quite in view yet.

"Can you smell anything?" Stormspot asked.

Poppypaw stopped and opened his jaw to draw in the scents of the forest. "Mouse. Shrew, I think." Them his ears perked up. "WindClan!"

"How do you know it's WindClan?"

"Because I can tell it's cat scent and I know what ThunderClan smells like and I just learned ShadowClan's scent and RiverClan is too far away for me to smell them." Poppypaw explained.

Stormspot gave a nod of approval. "Good. It is WindClan. We're close to the border."

He led the way to the bank of another stream. "Over there is WindClan territory." he meowed with a wave of his tail. Beyond the stream, the trees quickly gave way to a steep hill covered in short, tough grass.

"Looks like perfect territory for them to run on." Poppypaw commented.

Stormspot nodded. "Yes. The forest is perfect for us. The moor is perfect for WindClan."

Poppypaw smiled then opened his jaw again. "Can we hunt?"

"Maybe tomorrow." Stormspot mewed. "Let's head back to camp."

Poppypaw nodded and followed Stormspot. As they entered the camp, Mudpelt ran up to them. "How did your first day go?" He asked his son.

"Great!" Poppypaw replied. "Stormspot showed me the entire territory!" He turned to his mentor. "Stormspot, we have to tell Fallowstar what we found."

Stormspot nodded in agreement. "I'll tell him. First, We'll go see if the elders need you to help them. Then you can get something to eat and rest."

He lead Poppypaw to the open in a hazel bush that served as the elders' den. Inside, Goldspot and Willowleaf were sharing tongues. Lichenfrost was sitting in his nest watching the two she cats and Dapplespot was curled up and licking one of his paws and running it across his muzzle.

Lichenfrost looked over at them as they entered. "Hello, Stormspot. Hello, Poppypaw."

"Hi, Lichenfrost." Poppypaw greeted.

"How was your first day as an apprentice?" Willowleaf asked.

"It was great." Poppypaw answered.

Stormspot laid his tail on Poppypaw's back. "And he's here to see how he can help you?"

"Yep!" Poppypaw mewed. "Do you have ticks for me to look at? Do you need water? New bedding?"

Goldspot stiffled a *mrrow* of amusement. "Just some fresh kill would be nice."

"Okay. Any requests?" Poppypaw meowed.

Dapplespot purred with amusement. "Just what ever you can carry in one trip."

Poppypaw nodded and exited the den. "Okay. I'll be right back."

Stormspot watched him leave then turned to the elders. "I have to speak with Fallowstar about something. Will you remind Poppypaw that when he's done here he can get something to eat the go rest?"

"Of course. You go on ahead." Lichenfrost mewed.

Stormspot dipped his head in thanks then made his way to Fallowstar's den. He stopped at the bramble hidden entrance. "Fallowstar, may I speak with you?"

"Yes. Come in, Stormspot." Came the reply. Stormspot padded in and sat across from his leader.

"What can I do for you?" Fallowstar asked.

Stormspot sighed them explained Poppypaw finding the orange tuft of fur then his theory on Maplefrost. Fallowstar's eyes trailed to his paws.

"It could have been Maplefrost." He agreed. "But we shouldn't jump to conclusions. There are loners and rogues who could have done it as well."

"But if it was a ShadowClan warrior-" Stormspot mewed.

"Then yes. It was Maplefrost." Fallowstar finished. "Thank you for informing me. We'll have to keep a close eye on ShadowClan."

Stormspot nodded and left the den. As he emerged into the clearing, he spotted Poppypaw picking a small mouse from the fresh kill pile and trotting over to the apprentices' den where his sisters and broher were.

Realizing how tired he was, Stormspot made his way to the warriors' den. He curled up in his nest and let a wave of sleep wash over him.

Ch.9

[image]

(Cat above is Fernshade)

"Try again." Stormspot instructed.

Poppypaw nodded then jumped, rolled and leapt to his paws. A moon had passed since the discovery of a possible conclusion to Marshtail's death. There had still been no problems with ShadowClan, further increasing the clan's suspicions. Poppypaw shook his fur then turned to his mentor.

"How was that?" He asked.

"That was excellent." Stormspot praised him.

The sun was beginning to set and the two had been training since sunhigh. Poppypaw open his jaws in a wide yawn, his eyes cloudy with tiredness.

"Come on. Let's head back now so you can rest." Stormspot meowed.

He turned and lead the way back to camp. When they retuned, Poppypaw disappeared to the apprentices' den. Stormspot padded over to the warriors' den and sprawled himself outside. Before he could rest, Fernshade came bounding across the clearing.

"Stormspot!" His sister meowed. "I have wonderful news!"

"What is it?" Stormspot asked, sitting up.

"I'm expecting kits!" Fernshade exclaimed.

Stormspot starred back at her as if she had two tails. *Already?!* He was happy for his sister but something deep inside him was nagging at his heart. He shook it off and reached up to lick his stister between her ears.

"That's wonderful." He mewed. "You'll be a wonderful mother."

"Thank you." Fernshade meowed. "Fireclaw's overjoyed. I told him this morning as soon as I found out."

"Have you told Rainflight and Stonehaze yet?" Stormspot asked.

"No. I planned on telling them after I told you." Fernshade explained.

"Well, I'm happy for you." Stormspot mewed.

Fernshade pressed her muzzle to his. "You're a wonderful brother and you'll be a wonderful uncle to my kits." She turned and went to find their parents.

Stormspot smiled as his sister padded off. His mind raced with excitement. *I'm going to be an uncle!* He always thought about what it would be like to be an uncle to his sister's kits .Then to one day have his own kits and watch them grow up in the ranks of their clan alongside their cousins.

Does Cloudwing share this dream? He wondered. He shook his head. *I'm a mentor now. I need to stop thinking about her.* Suddenly he spotted the young she cat padding across the clearing with Fernshade.

Stormspot's gaze focused on her. Her snow-white pelt was glowing in the light of the sunset; her bright blue eyes sparkled. Her sleek, glossy fur framed her lithe body. *She's so beautiful.*

Stormspot shook his head, bringing him out of his thoughts. He looked over just in time to see Cloudwing and Fernshade disappear into the nursery. He smiled to himself just as Fireclaw padded over to him.

"Hello, Fireclaw." He greeted the ginger warrior. "Fernshade just told me the good news. Congratulations."

"Thank you." Fireclaw mewed. "I couldn't believe it when she told me. I can't believe I'm going to be a father."

Stormspot let out a purr of amusement at his friend's excitement. "Just take care of my sister."

"Don't worry I will. I promise." Fireclaw meowed, padding into the warriors' den.

Stormspot, finally alone to rest, padded to the warriors' den. He looked back and let his gaze sweep across the clearing. All of his clanmates were at one place in the camp or another, speaking to one another with excited looks and happy mews. Stormspot guessed Fernshade's news had already been shared with every cat in the clan.

He entered the warriors' den and curled up in his nest and let a wave of sleep wash over him.

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Stormspot followed his clanmates through the undergrowth of the forest. Brackenear was at the lead with Spottedflare, Ashshade, Fireclaw and Stormspot behind him. The wind ruffled their fur as they trekked through the trees, close to their border with ShadowClan.

"Hopefully there will be no confrontations with ShadowClan." Brackenear commented.

"I wouldn't put it past them to get under our pelts again." Spottedflare mewed.

The patrol continued on in silence when suddenly Brackenear came to a halt, his ears pricked in alarm. The reat of the patrol turned their ears. Low sounding pawsteps could be heard. Every cat looked around, trying to spot the source of the pawsteps.

"Look." Fireclaw mewed.

Up ahaed, a black and white cat was racing toward them. It was

Toadleap, a ShadowClan warrior. As the tom got close they could see why he was running. Behind him were two barking and snarling large dogs.

As Toadleap reached closer, his eyes narrowed to two small yellow slits. He turned and dashed into a hole next to the base of a nearby tree. The dogs stopped and sniffed at the hole then turned to the patrol. Stormspot and his clanmates froze in horror.

Toadleap purposely lead the dogs to us!

"Run!" Brackenear screeched.

The patrol turned and bolted beside each other. Stormspot could hear the dogs' loud barking and hot breath behind him. His heart punded as he raced, knowing the dogs were very close to tearing him apart.

"Get in the trees!" Brackenear ordered.

Spottedflare was the first up the tree with Brackenear close behind. Stormspot quickly made his way up the tree and balanced on one of the lower branches. Fireclaw was behind him when suddenly one of the dog leapt and grabbed hold of Fireclaw's backleg.

Fireclaw let out a screech of pain and batted at the dog's muzzle with his other leg. Stormspot leapt to a closer branch and scratched the dog across the eye. The dog let out a yowl of pain and let go of Fireclaw.

Stormspot grabbed Fireclaw by the scruff and helped him onto a branch just as a twoleg emerged from the bushes and put a lead around the dog. Stormspot looked around for the second dog and spotted it being lead away from a black shape on the forest floor by another twoleg.

Stormspot eyes roamed over the black shape. He felt a ripple of anxiety flow through his pelt.

It was Ashshade.

"Where's Ashshade?" Brackenear asked, looking up at the higher

branches.

"Down there." Stormspot answered, pointing with his tail. "The dog must have gotten him before he could make it to the tree."

"Ashshade!" Spottedflare called. The black warrior's ears didn't twitch and his body was stiff and motionless.

"Stormspot, help Fireclaw." Brackenear commanded. "Spottedflare and I will help Ashshade."

Stormspot nodded and helped Fireclaw maneuver his way down the tree. Brackenear and Spottedflare leapt down and quickly ran to Ashshade's side.

"How is he?" Stormspot asked.

"He's still breathing." Brackenear replied. "But we need to get him and Fireclaw back to camp now."

Stormspot nodded and laid his tail over Fireclaw 's back and lead the way back to camp. Brackenear and Spottedflare positioned Ashshade between their backs amd followed suit. When they arrived back at camp, they were immediately swarmed by their clanmates.

"Fireclaw!" Fernshade exclaimed, bolting out of the nursery with Redfur behind her.

Whitepool emerged from his den. "Bring them inside." He mewed.

Brackenear and Spottedflare gently padded in and laid Ashhade on a bed of moss. Stormspot followed, helping Fireclaw lie down. Whem they left the den, Fallowstar and Oakflame had pushed their way through the crownd of cats.

"What happened?" Fallowstar asked.

"It was Toadleap." Brackenear answered.

"He lead a couple of dogs to us." Spottedflare mewed.

"Fireclaw got attacked as he was climbing a tree and Ashshade never made it to the trees." Stormspot explained.

He felt his tail twitch as he heard a low growl rumble in Fallowstar's throat.

"Are you three alright?" Oakflame asked.

"Yes, we're fine." Spottedflare meowed.

The clan turned their eyes as Whitepool exited his den. "How are they?" Fallowstar asked.

"Fireclaw's off his duties for a few days. His leg need time to heal." Whitepool explained. "Ashshade is alive. He has a gash on his back leg that needs time to heal. The dog that attacked him tore his right eye away. The fur there is gone and the skin in torn."

"He's half blind?" Fallowstar mewed.

"Yes." Whitepool nodded. "He'll have to adjust to seeing with one eye. He's off his duties for a while."

Fallowstar nodded and padded off to his den, Oakflame following. The rest of the clan dispersed, talking in low murmurs.

Stormspot padded off to the warriors' den, the barking of the dogs and Toadleap's yellow gaze burning in the back of his mind.

Ch.10

[image]

(Cat above is Pinestripe)

Stormspot sat outside the warriors' den, watching the dawn. It had been a moon since the incident with the dogs. Fireclaw had slowly returned to his duties whereas Ashshade had not. The black tom was still adjusting to his injury.

Stormspot watched as Whitepool help Ashshade learn to move while only seeing out of one eye. The clan had been weary of ShadowClan since the incident. Both border patrols and hunting patrols now have full reports to Fallowstar on any signs of ShadowClan. Stormspot's ears pricked. The thorn tunnel was rustling and a sleek brown tabby shape slipped through.

It was Pinestripe, ShadowClan's medicine cat.

Stormspot rose to his paws as the rest of the clan noticed the tabby's presence and began to swarm him. Pinestripe's amber eyes stayed focused in front of him and he simply sat down and let the clan surround him. Fallowstar and Oakflame pushed their way to the fromt.

"What are you doing here?" Fallowstar demanded.

"I wish to join ThunderClan." Pinestripe's voice rang clear and loud across the clearing.

Murmurs rippled through the clan. Fallowstar's eyes narrowed and his tail twitched.

"Why should I allow you into my clan?" He growled.

"I'm tired of the way Wolfstar and Neetlesplash lead ShadowClan." Pinestripe meowed in a firm voice. "I left on my own decision. You hate them, Fallowstar. I do too. I'm tired of referring to them as my

leader and deputy. I want to live in a clan run by cats who care about the wellbeing of their clanmates and for the others in the forest. So I came here."

Some approving mews echoed in the clearing. Stormspot twitched his ears. Why did Fallowstar and Pinestripe hate Wolfstar and Neetlesplash so much? What happened?

Fallowstar studied the cat in front of him. The rest of the clan spoke in low murmurs, quiet enough that Stormspot couldn't make out what they were discussing.

"You're a ShadowClan cat!" Blackstripe hissed. "You've done nothing but harm us these past moons. Look what happened to Ashshade because of it!"

"I'm aware of that. Toadleap did what Wolfstar and Neetlesplash ordered him to do." Pinestripe argued. "Do you judge one cat by the rest of his clan?"

The clan exchanged glances with each other. Whitepool pushed to the front so he could sit beside Pinestripe. "He speaks the truth." He mewed. "I've know him since I was an apprentice. Pinestripe doesn't tolerate cruel, ruthless cats."

A few more approving mews echoed in the clearing. Fallowstar gave a curt nod. He stepped up to Pinestripe and laid his tail on the medicine cat's shoulder.

"I trust Whitepool's claim as well as yours." He meowed. "Welcome to ThunderClan, Pinestripe."

Pinestripe smiled and dipped his head. "Thank you, Fallowstar. I promise I will serve ThunderClan until it is time for me to join out ancestors."

The clan began to welcome the brown tabby. Pinestripe helped Whitepool escort Ashshade back to the medicine den. The clan dispered and began to tend to their duties.

"What will happen to ShadowClan now?" Stormspot heard Oakflame ask. "They don't have a medicine cat."

"They're vulnerable to us." Fallowstar answered. "I'm not one for revenge but I am for showing Wolfstar that his plan to make us weak has failed."

Oakflame's green eyes sparked with determination as Fallowstar declared his plan.

"We will attack ShadowClan."

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Stormspot slipped through the thorn tunnel with Poppypaw behind him. A few sunrises had passed since Pinestripe joined ThunderClan. No ShadowClan cats had come looking for him. It's as if they didn't care that their only medicine cat had left.

"Stormspot, are you alright?" Poppypaw asked, dropping his prey on the fresh-kill pile.

"Yes." Stormspot replied. "You did good today. You're skills are excellent."

"Thanks." Poppypaw mewed, running off to the apprentices' den.

Stormspot turned back to the pile and picked out a plump thrush and headed to the nursery. Inside, Fernshade was lying on her side, her belly slightly more round.

"I brought you a thrush." Stormspot mewed, dropping the kill at his sister's paws. "I just caught it so it's still fresh."

"Thank you, Stormspot." Fernshade meowed.

Stormspot smiled and exited the den. As he headed to the warriors' den, he spotted Pinestripe walking across the clearing with Larkwatcher. It was clear that the former ShadowClan medicine cat had already made friends among his new clan. The golden tabby nodded his goodbye to Larkwatcher then headed to the nursery.

"How's Fernshade?" He asked.

"She's good." Stormspot answered. "Her belly's getting bigger."

"That's good." Pinestripe mewed. "Whitepool wanted me to check on her."

Stormspot nodded as Pinestripe passed by and slipped into the nursery. He turned and continued to the warriors' den. His paws ached from training and hunting with Poppypaw and right now all Stormspot wanted to do was rest.

He slipped into the den and curled up in his nest. He wrapped his tail around himself and tucked his paws underneath him. Stormspot's mind drifted off to what the day would be like when his sister's kits arrived. Soon he closed his eyes and sleep washed over him like a black wave.

Ch.11

[image]

(Cat above is Fernshade and her kits)

Stormspot sat in the nursery, his eyes beaming with pride. Fireclaw was beside Fernshade, his tail wrapped around her and their kits, who had just been born. Fernshade was gazing down at her kits, letting out soft purrs as they snuggle close to her belly.

"They're beautiful." She whispered.

Fireclaw softly licked his mate's ear. "You did wonderfully. I'm proud of you."

The nursery entrance rustled as Whitepool padded in. He bent his head down to examine each of the kits. "You did very good, Fernshade." He mewed. "Your kits look fine."

"Thanks to you, Whitepool." Fernshade mewed. "Thank you."

"Have you given them names yet?" Asked Mosspelt.

"Yes." Fernshade mewed. She laid her tail on each kit as she named them. "The gray tabby tom is Dewkit, the gray tabby she kit is Willowkit, and the ginger tom is Sparkkit."

"Those are wonderful names." Purred Redfur.

Stormspot's ears pricked at the sound of rustling from the entrance. Poppypaw quietly slipped in, his yellow eyes glowing with wonder.

"I heard Fernshade's kits were born." He mewed. "Can I see them?"

"Of course." Fernshade meowed, beckoning the apprentice closer with her tail.

Poppypaw quietly walked closer and looked down at the small kits. "They're cute. What are their name?"

"Willowkit, Dewkit, and Sparkkit." Fireclaw answered.

"Do you think I'll get to mentor one of them?" Poppypaw asked, hopefully.

"That's up to Fallowstar to decide." Stormspot replied. "But I'm know that when the time comes, you'll be an excellent mentor."

"Thanks." Poppypaw mewed. He turned back to Fernshade. "Is there anything I can get you?"

"Some water would be nice." Fernshade meowed.

"Okay. I'll be right back." Poppypaw called as he dashed out of the den.

Stormspot sat back and watched Fernshade pull her kits closer to her belly as Fireclaw layed down next to her and wrapped his tail around her and their kits.

Welcome to ThunderClan, little ones.

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Stormspot woke up slowly. Lying in his nest, he allowed the last black tendrils of sleep to drift away. A quarter moon had passed since Fernshade's kits were born. Stormspot often visited her sister, tending to any of her needs as she rested.

He sat up in his nest and gave his body a long stretch, his jaws opening in a big yawn. He slipped ou of the den, the wind ruffling his fur.

Most of the clan was awake and tending to their assigned tasks. Branchpelt was leading a patrol with Stonehaze and Frostflower; Poppypaw and Petalpaw were helping the elders; Fallowstar and and Shadedsky were lounging outisde their den.

"There you are!"

Stormspot turned his head to find Cloudwing bounding across the clearing towards him.

"What's wrong?" He asked.

"Nothing. Fernshade wants to see you." Cloudwing answered. "Your nephews and neice opened their eyes."

Stormspot's heart gave a little leap inside his chest. *My nephews and neice.* The concept of him having more kin still amazed him. He bounded across the clearing with Cloudwing behind him.

When he reached the nursery, he padded in quietly. Inside, Dewkit, Willowkit, and Sparkkit were gazeing around the den with newly opened wide eyes. Dewkit and Sparkkit both had blue eyes like Fireclaw while Willowkit had green eyes like Fernshade.

"Stormspot, you came!" Fernshade exclaimed. She padded over to meet him and pressed her muzzle against his.

"Of course I did." Stormspot mewed. "This is a big moment."

"Hi!" Sparkkit bounded up to stand beside his mother. "My name's Sparkkit. That's my brother Dewkit and my sister Willowkit."

Fernshade licked her son between the ears. "He knows who you three are." She beckoned for Dewkit and Willowkit to sit beside Sparkkit. "Kits, this is my brother and your uncle, Stormspot."

"We have more kin?" Dewkit squeaked.

"Yes." Fireclaw mewed. "There are two warriors named Stonehaze and Rainflight. They're your grandfather and grandmother on your mother's side. And there's Redfur: your grandmother on my side."

"What about our grandfather on your side?" Willowkit asked.

"My father hunts with our ancestors." Fireclaw answered. "He died shortly after I became an apprentice. He was a golden tom named Sunstorm."

"Wow." Sparkkit meowed. "I wish we could've met him."

"He would've loved to meet you three too." Fireclaw purred, playfully flicked Sparkkit with his tail.

Stormspot, wanting to leave his sister to be with her family, mewed his goodbye and padded out of the nursery. Cloudwing followed, letting out a low purr.

"Fernshade's kits are wonderful." She mewed.

"I know." Stormspot agreed. "I'm happy for her."

"Do you want kits?" Cloudwing asked.

Stormspot starred at the white she cat for a moment. "Yes, Of course."

Cloudwing wrapped her tail arpund her paws.
"Who would you have them with?"

Stormspot tilted his head to one side. "I don't know. Why?"

Cloudwing let out a small huff of laughter. "You don't get it do you?"

"Get what?"

Cloudwing stepped closer to Stormspot and licked his cheek. "I love you."

Stormspot's ears twitched and he questioned if he heard her right. "You do?"

"Yes." Cloudwing replied. "I have ever since we were apprentices. Why do you think I liked to tease you?"

Stormspot smiled. "I love you too."

Cloudwing let out a small purr and nuzzled her nead under Stormspot's chin. Stormspot rested his chin on the top of her head and wrapped his tail around them.

Life is finally right.

A/N: sorry this chapter was kinda short(at least I thought it was). I'm just glad I finally finished this chapter.

Ch.12

[image]

(Cat above is Petalpaw)

Stormspot paced anxiously outside the warriors' den. Today was the day ThunderClan would attack ShadowClan. He stopped pacing and gazed around the camp. Every cats was preparing for the battle: some were stretching, some eating to get their strength. Poppypaw and his siblings were practically their battle moves.

Fallowstar emerged from his den, his eyes burning with hatred and determination. He made his way across the clearing to the medicine den where Whitepool and Pinestripe were preparing herb bundles.

"Is everything ready?" He asked.

"Yes." Pinestripe answered.

"We'll be ready for your return." Whitepool added. "We have plenty for every cat going."

"Good." Fallowstar mewed as he turned away.

Oakflame slipped through the warriors' den and padded across the clearing to meet Fallowstar. "Who's all going?"

"All the warriors and apprentices." Fallowstar replied. "The elders of course are staying and I'm not risking any of the queens' lives."

Oakflame nodded and followed Fallowstar to the Highledge. The two leapt to the top and without a word the clan began to gather.

"Cat of ThunderClan!" Fallowstar called. "It's time that we show ShadowClan that we are not as weak as they think they've made us." He leapt down followed by Oakflame. "We go now."

Fallowstar and Oakflame lead the way to the thorn tunnel. The warriors and apprentices gather behind them. Stormspot's pelt

prickled with uneasiness. He looked back at the nursery. Fernshade was lying outside with her kits tucked close to her belly. She flashed him a reassuring smile as if to tell him he would be okay.

Stormspot returned the smile then slipped through the thorn tunnel. As they trekked through the forest, Stormspot noticed Fallowstar's eyes darting back and forth as he were expecting to be ambushed. As they neared the ShadowClan border, Fallowstar boldy stepped over, followed closely by Oakflame. When it became Stormspot's turn, he hesitated for a moment before placing his paws over the border.

"How are we doing this?" Larkwatcher whispered, not wanting his voice to carry through the forest.

"We're attacking their camp." Fallowstar replied.

When a bramble wall came into view, everything was silent. A breeze was blowing toward them, drawing in the scents of their unsuspecting targets. All of ThunderClan was crouched low to the ground, ready to charge at their leader's command.

Fallowstar's eyes narrowed and his voice was quiet but loud enough for his warriors to hear. "Attack."

The group of ThunderClan cats sprang forward, tearing through and destroying the bramble wall that surround the ShadowClan camp.

Stormspot leapt at the nearest warrior, hitting him in the flank and knocking him off his paws. The warrior sprang to his paws, letting out fierce snarl as he leapt at Stormspot, ranking his claws across the spotted tom's muzzle. Stormspot thrashed his head around and managed to throw the warrior off, who leapt away to help his clanmates.

Stormspot looked around and spotted Cloudwing battling bravely with a dark cream tom, and Poppypaw rolling on the ground battling with a black and white patched ShadowClan warrior. Fallowstar was locked in battle Wolfstar, while Oakflame fought Neetlesplash. The ShadowClan leaded was already heavily injured. Nasty scars had formed across his muzzle and flank and one of his

hindlegs had a huge gash with a large trickle of blood flowing from it.

Stormspot hurled himself back into combat, feeling claws slash into his shoulder. He turned to his attacker and raked his own claws across the warrior's face. Blood welled out of a gash on its forehead, dripping into its eyes. The warrior bounded away, attempting to get the blood out of its eyes.

"ThunderClan, Let's go!" Fallowstar suddenly called.

Larkwatcher and Branchpelt broke away from their battles and followed Fallowstar back through the now destroyed bramble wall. As Stormspot followed he looked behind him. Injured ShadowClan warriors and apprentices lied in the clearing or limped around, blood stained the dirt and pine needles.

By the time they reached camp, the ThunderClan cats were exhausted from their own wounds. Whitepool and Pinestripe began to hastly tend to every cat's wounds. Stormspot was not injured as mich as he expected himself to be. He had scars across his muzzle and flank, and a small nick in his ear.

"How did it go?" Dapplespot called from the elders' den.

"ShadowClan will think twice before attacking us agian." Brackenear mewed.

"Wolfstar was extremely injured." Fallowstar added. "So, the attack was a success."

"ShadowClan won't be able to heal their wounds." Goldspot meowed. "They don't have a medicine cat."

"That's why we attack now." Stonehaze licked one of the scars on his leg. "They were vulnerable."

Fallowstar leapt onto the Highledge. "Spottedflare, Brackenear, Fireclaw, and Stormspot," he called to the four warriors. "How did your apprentices do in the battle?"

All four mentors shot glanes at each other before Brackenear spoke.

"They all fought like warriors."

Fallowstar smiled and nodded. He flicked his tail and beckoned the four apprentices forward. Poppypaw, Barkpaw, Petalpaw, and Brightpaw padded forward, their eyes shining with excitement.

"I, Fallowstar,leader of ThunderClan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on these apprentices. They have trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend them to you as warriors in their turn." Fallowstar continued. He fixed his gaze on Brightpaw. "Brightpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend this Clan, even at the cost of your life?"

Brightpaw trembled slightly, but her voice was steady she as meowed, "I do."

"Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior name. Brightpaw, from this moment you will be known as Brightwing. StarClan honors your intelligence and your energy, and we welcome you as a full warrior of ThunderClan."

When he finished speaking, Fallowstar leapt of the Highledge and stepped up to Brightwing and rested his muzzle on her bowed head. Brightwing licked his shoulder respectfully, then walked over to stand beside Lightflame.

Fallowstar went on, turning to Petalpaw. "Petalpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend this Clan, even at the cost of your life?"

Petalpaw nodded, her body shaking slightly. "I do."

"Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior name. Petalpaw, from this moment you will be known as Petalsplash. StarClan honors your kindness and courage, and we welcome you as a full warrior of ThunderClan."

Fallowstar placed his muzzle on Petalsplash's head. The calico she cat licked his shoulder, then stepped back beside Brightwing.

"Barkpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to

protect and defend this Clan, even at the cost of your life?" Fallowstar turned to Barkpaw.

Barkpaw puffed out his chest and lifted his chin proudly. "I do."

Fallowstar let out a purr of amusement at the brown tom's enthusiasm. "Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior name. Barkpaw, from this moment you will be known as Barkflight. StarClan honors your enthusiasm and your strength , and we welcome you as a full warrior of ThunderClan."

Barkflight's eyes beamed as Fallowstar placed his muzzle on his head. Barkflight licked his leader's shoulder then stepped back beside his sisters.

Last but not least, it was Poppypaw's turn. Stormspot's chest swell with pride as he watched his apprentice stand before his clan.

"Poppypaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend this Clan, even at the cost of your life?" Fallowstar finished.

"I do." Poppypaw called, his voice loud and clear.

Fallowstar gave a nod of approval. "Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior name. Poppypaw, from this moment you will be known as Poppycloud. StarClan honors your loyalty and your dedication, and we welcome you as a full warrior of ThunderClan."

Fallowstar placed his muzzle on Poppycloud's head. Poppycloud licked his should respectfully then went to stand with his siblings.

"Brightwing! Petalsplash! Barkflight! Poppycloud!"

Stormspot joined in with the clan as they welcomed the new warriors by their names. Lightflame and Mudpelt were the first to swarm the four young, cover their kits with licks and purrs.

Once he was able to push his way through the crowd, Stormspot padded over to Poppycloud. "I'm proud of you." He mewed. "You earned this."

"It's thanks to you." Poppycloud mewed. "You were the best mentor I could've had."

Stormspot let out a small laugh. "Maybe, But Fallowstar was right. You loyalty and dedication gave you your name."

Poppycloud smiled. "I guess, but thank you for being a great mentor."

Stormspot gave his former apprentice a curt nod. "You're welcome."

Poppycloud turned and bounded off to join his family. Stormspot made his way to the warriors' den, want to rest from the battle. He curled up in his nest just as an uneasiness rippled through his body.

Goldspot's right. How is ShadowClan going to heal their wounds? Pinestripe a member of ThunderClan now.

Did we just kill a bunch of warriors in a medicine cat less clan?

Ch.13

[image]

(Cat above is Hawkswoop)

Stormspot crouched beside Cloudwing in the milky warmth of the nursery. He was so full of joy he felt like he would burst like a river overflowing its banks. His mate was exhausted but her eyes shone with love for the three new kits that were tucked close to her belly by her tail.

"They're beautiful." Cloudwing whispered. "Our first litter."

Stormspot gently pressed his muzzle to hers. "You did good. I'm proud of you."

Cloudwing returned the gesture then gazed back down at their kits. "That speckled gray tom looks just like you." She commented.

Stormspot smiled down at his speckled son. "And that white tom looks like you." He mewed, pointing to his snow white son with his tail.

"And our daughter, looks like both of us." Cloudwing meowed, gently running her tail over her gray and white daughter.

A shadow fell over the den entrance. Fernshade padded in followed by Fireclaw and their kits. The three kits bounded up to Cloudwing a little too quickly and were stopped by their father's tail. They looked up at Fireclaw who mouthed "Slowly."

"We were told we could visit now." Fireclaw mewed, looking back up at Cloudwing.

"Can we see them?" Willowkit asked, quietly.

"Yes," Cloudwing answered. "but, be careful. They wers just born."

The three kits softly approached their new denmates, just as their

father had instructed. They gazed down at them with round eyes as if they were their own.

"When can they play with us?" Sparkkit asked.

"Not for a couple of moons." Fireclaw told his eldest son. "They're too small and they'll need to adjust to the clan first."

"Have you named them?" Dewkit squeaked.

"I thought of some names." Cloudwing mewed. She pointed to each kit as she named them. "Rainkit for the speckled tom, Snowkit for the white tom, and Hazelkit for the gray and white she cat."

Stormspot let out a purr and licked his mate's head. "Those are perfect names."

Fernshade turned and gently ushered her kit out of the den. "Come on, you three. Cloudwing needs to rest."

Sparkit, Dewkit, and Willowkit bounded out of the den followed by their parents. Stormspot curled up next to Cloudwing amd wrapped his tail around her and thier kits.

Welcome to ThunderClan, my kits.

*

*

*

Stormspot padded across the clearing, a shrew dangling from his jaw. A few days had passed since his kits were born. That morning they had opened their eyes revealing three pairs of blue eyes.

He slipped into the nursery and dropped the shrew at Cloudwing's paws. "I thought you'd be hungry."

Cloudwing smiled. "Thank you."

Stormspot turned to leave when suddenly her heard Whitepool and

Pinestripe talking with an unfamiliar voice. Stormspot carefully poked his head of the den. He spotted Whitepool and Pinestripe sitting by the thorn tunnel talking with Hawkswoop, a ShadowClan warrior.

Next to the large dark brown tabby was a small black and white tom. The little tom didn't look injured at all and Stormspot guessed he became an apprentice after the attack. Hawkswoop, on the other paw, had visible scars that looked like they had been treated. Stormspot tuned his ear to listen.

"How did your wounds heal?" Pinestripe asked.

"Wolfstar didn't want the help but I went to RiverClan and asked Icewind to help us." Hawkswoop replied. "Wolfstar lost a life due to his injuries. Icewind said he could have lost two if I hadn't have gone to him for help."

Pinestripe's tail twitched irritability. "Wolfstar too blinded by his intentions to even care about himself."

"I'm not surprised." Hawkswoop mewed. "This is how he is."

"It's What he's *become*." Pinestripe growled.

The three cats sat in silence for a moment. "Who is this?" Whitepool asked after a moment, pointing to the black and white tom.

"Is that Badgerkit?" Pinestripe asked.

"Yes." Hawkswoop answered. "He and his siblings became apprentices a couple of days ago. He wants to be a medicine cat though Wolfstar wouldn't allow it and assigned him to a warrior. I convinced him to let me bring him here so you could train him."

Pinestripe gazed down at Badgerpaw. The young tom looked up at him with wide amber eyes. He quickly lowered his head as if her thought Pinestripe wouldn't want to train him.

"You came at a good time." Whitepool chimmed. "It's almost time for the half moon meeting. He can be accepted by StarClan when we go."

"He can and he will." Pinestripe meowed. "I will train him. Badgerpaw will stay here until he earns his full name and there's no more I can teach him. After that, I'll send him back to ShadowClan." Under his breathe he mumbled,"With all of StarClan's wishes going with him. He'll need it."

Hawkswoop dipped his head. "Thank you, Pinestripe."

The ShadowClan warrior turned to leave but looked back and flashed a reassuring smile at Badgerpaw. Badgerpaw returned the smile then followed Pinestripe and Whitepool to the medicine den.

Stormspot continued out of the nursery and across the clearing to the warriors' den. Larkwatcher slipped through the entrance and the two warriors nearly bumped into one another.

"Sorry, Larkwatcher." Stormspot mewed. "I'm a little distracted."

"That's alright." Larkwatcher meowed. "Did I hear Hawkswoop?"

Stormspot nodded. "Yes. He was here just a moment ago."

Larkwatcher's tail twitched. "What for?"

"He was bringing a new ShadowClan apprentice to Pinestripe so he could train him." Stormspot explained.

Larkwatcher let out a snort then padded off. "Looks like Wolfstar's finally tired of not having a medicine cat."

Stormspot watched the tortoiseshell tom leave. Something in his mind made his pelt prickle. ThunderClan had recovered well from the attack but Stormspot couldn't help but wonder, even worry, about the condition of ShadowClan. He contemplated whether or not it was right for him to worry about them.

They did start this back and forth attacking. He thought to himself. *And they killed Marshtail and partially blinded Ashshade.*

The more he thought about it, Stormspot began to think this was less of a battle between ShadowClan and ThunderClan, and more of a war between Wolfstar and Fallowstar.

But why?

Updated Allegiances

THUNDERCLAN
LEADER
Fallowstar- dark brown and white tom

DEPUTY
Oakflame- red brown tom

MEDICINE CATS
Whitepool- white tom

Pinestripe- golden brown tabby tom; formerly of ShadowClan
Apprentice, Badgerpaw- black and white tom with amber eyes

WARRIORS
Branchpelt- brown tabby tom

Larkwatcher- tortoiseshell tom

Lightflame- white she cat with ginger splotches

Ashshade- black tom

Rainflight- gray she cat

Blackstripe- sleek black and gray tabby tom

Brackenear- golden brown tabby tom

Frostflower- pretty white she cat with blue eyes

Spottedflare- tortoiseshell she cat with a single ginger paw

Stonehaze- silver tabby tom

Deerspot- light brown she cat with white spots

Mudpelt- mud brown tom

Fireclaw- ginger tom

Stormspot- silver tabby tom with black spots and white paws, chest, and underbelly

Barkflight- brown tom

Petalsplash- calico she cat

Brightwing- white she cat with ginger splotches

Poppycloud- white tom with ginger and brown splotches

QUEENS
Redfur- red she cat

Shadedsky- dark gray she cat

Mosspelt- brown and black she cat

Fernshade- gray tabby she cat; mother of Fireclaw's kits(Sparkkit- ginger tom, Dewkit- gray tabby tom, Willowkit- light gray tabby she cat)

Cloudwing- pretty white she cat; mother of Stormspot's kits(Snowkit- white tom, Rainkit- speckled gray tom, Hazelkit- gray and white she cat)

ELDERS
Lichenfrost- black and white tom

Goldspot- yellow she cat with darker spots

Willowleaf- light gray tabby she cat with leaf-green eyes

Dapplespot- dappled brown tom

SHADOWCLAN
LEADER
Wolfstar- dark gray and white tom

DEPUTY
Neetlesplash- brown tabby tom

WARRIORS

Cinderfern- red tom

Finchfeather- brown she cat

Jumpbriar- mottled brown tom

Hawkswoop- dark brown tabby tom with a white chest

Rosebush- fluffy white she cat

Flarewind- ginger tom

Brightmoon- light brown tabby she cat

Rockheart- dark gray tom

Heatherberry- speckled white she cat
Hollystream- black she cat

Toadleap- black and white tom

Hawkswoop- dark brown tabby tom with a

Spiketail- dark gray tabby tom with a spiky tail

Flowerstem- tortoiseshell she cat

Dawnmoon- dark cream tom

Maplefrost- orange and white she cat

Nightmoon- black tom

Bristleshine- golden she cat

Brindlepelt- brown tabby she cat

Toadskip- young black and white tom
Apprentice, Skypaw

Cedarflame- red brown tom

Ratclaw- dark gray tom
Apprentice, Hollypaw

Mumblestep- brown tom,slightly clumsy

Fawnleap- light brown tabby she cat

Applestorm- dark cream tom with brown paws

Berrypounce- cream tom

Sedgewing- brown tabby she cat

APPRENTICES
Hollypaw- black tom

Skypaw- white she cat

QUEENS
Mossleaf- brown tabby she cat

Yarrowsong- white she cat

Dapplespot- dappled gray she cat

ELDERS
Torntail- dark brown tabby tom with a torn tail

Frogleap- brown and black tom with a graying muzzle

Shadefur- black she cat

Orangewhisker- orange tabby she cat

WINDCLAN
LEADER
Runningstar- swift tabby tom

DEPUTY
Crowfall- dark gray tom

MEDICINE CAT
Ravenwing- black and white she cat

WARRIORS
Breezestripe- gray tabby tom

Gorsewind- light brown tabby tom

Heatherpelt- pale brown she cat

Emberlight- ginger tom

Barknose- brown tom

Ebonywing- black she cat

Finchfeather- gray tabby she cat
Apprentice, Needlepaw

Addertooth- dark brown tom

Rabbitear- cream she cat with tall ears

Larchfeather- tortoiseshell she cat

Whitewind- white she cat

Ivyfrost- light gray and white she cat

Beechstalk- pale brown tom
Apprentice, Featherpaw

Chiveskip- speckled gray tom

Owlflight- gray and white she cat

Harepounce- light brown tom
Apprentice, Pigeonpaw

Kestrelfrost- brown and white tom

Eaglestripe- gray tabby tom

Jayflight- gray tabby tom

Brackenleap- golden brown tabby tom

Dustkglow- brown tom

Ashnreeze-dark gray she cat

Sagespring- gray she cat

Spotpelt - black and white tom

Aspenfall- dark brown and black she cat
APPRENTICES
Featherpaw- gray tom

Pigeonpaw- light brown tabby tom

Needlepaw- white she cat

QUEENS
Meadowdawn- golden brown tabby she cat

Fawntail- brown she cat

Swiftfoot- black and white she cat

Palecloud- plae gray and white she cat

Sunlight- golden yellow she cat; expecting Barknose's kits

ELDERS
Ryestalk- pale brown tabby tom

Yewtail- ginger she cat

Oneear- old black tom; deaf in one ear

Seedwhisker- calico she cat

RIVERCLAN
LEADER
Driftstar- gray tom

DEPUTY
Ripplenose- black tom

MEDICINE CAT
Icewind- white tom

WARRIORS
Fishscale- silver tabby tom

Mudpool- mud brown tom

Streamsong- light gray she cat

Blizzardfur- white tom

Cherrybreeze- red she cat

Creektuft- blue gray tom

Dovefeather- light gray she cat
Apprentice, Swanpaw

Flamepelt- ginger tom

Swallowing- black she cat
Apprentice, Streampaw

Pikeclaw- dark brown and white tabby tom

Pebblesong- speckled brown she cat

Rainfall- light gray she cat

Gullfrost- white tortoiseshell tom

Hailclaw- silver tom with thick black stripes
Apprentice, Bluepaw

Shimmersong- silver she cat

Sleektail- yellow tabby she cat

Shrewheart- plae brown tom

Goosewing- speckled gray tom

Troutclaw- silver tabby tom
Apprentice, Wavepaw

Dewhaze- light gray tom

Rowaneye- dark ginger she cat

Willowpool- gray she cat with white stripes and paws

Otternose- small brown tom

Whitewater- white tom

Brownwing- brown tom

Softsnow- brown and white she cat

APPRENTICES
Bluepaw- blue gray tom

Wavepaw- blue gray and white tom

Swanpaw- white she cat

Streampaw- white and blue gray she cat

QUEENS
Mistfur- gray she cat

Snowpelt- white she cat

Blossomsong- brown and white she cat

Petalbreeze- calico she cat;expecting Ripplenose's kits

ELDERS
Eelwhisker- black tom

Echomoon- silver tabby she cat

Honeydew- pale brown she cat

Beetlepelt- black and white tom

Ch.14

[image]

(Cat above is Ashshade)

Dark gray clouds rolled across the sky, low rumblings of thunder signaling the oncoming rain. The wind was soft and caused the leaves and flowers to gently dance against its touch.

Stormspot padded alongside Frostflower with Larkwatcher in the lead and Brackenear bringing up the rear. He glanced at his clanmates and noticed their eyes dart back and forth as if they were expecting to be attacked.

As the patrol slipped through the forest, Larkwatcher's ear suddenly perked up. The rest of the patrol followed his lead, listening for what the tortoiseshell tom had heard. Off in the distance, faint cat yowls amd another stange call could be heard.

"What in StarClan's name is that?" Frostflower inquired.

As if to answer her question, Ashshade burst through a nearby bush, panting heavily. The black tom's fur was unkept, and his right shoulder had a small gash in it.

"Ashshade! What happened?" Brackenear asked.

"Foxes!" Ashshade answered."They attack our patrol. I was sent to get help."

"Lead us to them." Larkwatcher ordered.

Ashshade nodded and lead the patrol back through the bush he had emerged from. As Stormspot raced beside Frostflower, his mind was puzzled about the current situation. There had been not fox sightings in their territory for several moons. Why were there suddenly some now?

After several moments, Ashshade came to a abrupt stop. "Where are

they?"

Stormspot looked around. There were no foxes in sight. Just Branchpelt, Lightflame, and Blackstripe.

"We chased them off." Branchpelt meowed.

"Is everyone okay?" Frostflower asked.

"Yes." Lightflame replied. "Those foxes put up quite a fight."

"How many were there?" Larkwatcher asked.

"Two." Blackstripe growled. "They're gone now. Let's head back to camp."

Stormspot's pelt prickled as he watched the dark tabby. He noticed that Blackstripe had been sitting a little less than a fox-length away from the patrol and had been silently mumbling to himself. *Who or what ruffled his fur?*

Larkwatcher flicked his tail and lead both patrols back to camp. Stormspot brought up the rear when suddenly his paws stumbled over something. He turned to see what had tripped him. It was a half-eaten peirce of prey. He looked around and noticed several other peices of half-eaten prey scatted around the forest.

"Larkwatcher." He called. " Look. There's prey everywhere."

The patrol stopped and looked around, noticing that Stormspot was right. After several moments of searching, they had made a decent pile of half-eaten prey that was starting to rot.

Ashshade bent down and sniffed one of the pieces. "They smell like they were caught days ago." He bent down one more time. "There's another scent of them. Shadowclan."

"Do you think ShadowClan left these pieces around to attract the foxes?" Lightflame asked.

Branchpelt's hackles rose. "Sounds like something Wolfstar would order his warriors to do."

A low growl rumbled in Larkwatcher's throat. "Come on. Let's bury this crowfood then report to Fallowstar." He instructed.

The patrols nodded and began to bury the pieces of prey. Once they had finished, they made thier way back to camp in a sickening silence. When they slipped through the thorn tunnel, most of the patrol had dispersed. Stormspot was about to head inside the warriors' den when Larkwatcher stopped him.

"Come with me." He meowed. "You found those pieces of prey."

Stormspot nodded and followed Larkwatcher to Fallowstar's den, an uneasiness rippling through his pelt. When the reach the opening under the Highledge, Larkwatcher stopped.

"Fallowstar, We're here to report our patrol." He called.

"Come in." Came the reply.

Larkwatcher and Stormspot padded in. Fallowstar was in his nest, facing them. The two warriors sat across from their leader and both wrapped their tails around their paws.

"How was the patrol?" Fallowstar asked.

"Branchpelt's patrol was attack by foxes." Larkwatcher replied.

Fallowstar's eyes narrowed as if he thought the tortoiseshell warrior was lying. Larkwatcher turned to Stormspot, acknowledging him to share his part.

Stormspot nervously cleared his throat. "I found some pieces of half-eaten prey scattered in the forest around the area where they were attack. Ashshade said they smelled like they had been caught days ago and-" he paused, know his leader would not be pleased at the next part. "they had ShadowClan scent on them."

Fallowstar lowerd his head and let our a low growl that made Stormspot shake underneath his pelt. He had never seen his leader this furious. Fallowstar ran his claw over the dirt floor of his den.

"Why can't that cat attack another clan?" Larkwatcher growled.

"A leopard doesn't change its spots." Fallowstar meowed. "Wolfstar has not hatred towards Driftstar or Runningstar. Just me." He sprawled himself in his nest and wrapped his tail around himself. "You two can go."

Larkwatcher and Stormspot dipped their heads respectfully, then slipped back out of the den. Stormspot padded into the warriors' den and curled up in his nest. He had assumed his theory on Wolfstar and Fallowstar's rivalry to be true. But he still had no idea why the two leaders shared a burning hatred for each other.

He buried his nose in his paws. Whatever the reason was, an innocent warrior life was taken and another was now half blind because of it.

Whatever it is...it needs to stop.

A/N:
The pic looks bad cause it's originally a pic of Brightheart and them I recolored black so that's why it looks splotchy on the outline.
The original is not mine. The original piece of Brightheart was beautiful. I can't draw very well.

Ch.15

[image]

(Cat above is Sparkkit)

"Dewpaw! Willowpaw! Sparkpaw!"

Stormspot joined in the clan, chanting the new apprentices' names. The same dark storm clouds rolled across the sky but still no rain came. The clan had woken up early that morning to hold the ceremony. Fireclaw had been the first warrior up, getting to the nursery as quickly as his legs could carry him.

A moon had passed since the fox attack. The two foxes hadn't been seen since, which of course didn't change Fallowstar's mind on whatever Wolfstar was further planning.

As the noise died down, several cats went to congratulate the new apprentices while others went off to tend to their duites. Sparkpaw was heading through the thorn tunnel with his new mentor, Poppycloud; Dewpaw and his mentor Branchpelt were tending to the elders; Willowpaw and her mentor Lightflame were talking not far from the warriors' den.

Stormspot padded around the clearing a couple of times, unsure of where he wanted to be or who he wanted to be with. He wasn't sure about anything anymore. His clanmates were open with their hatred, suspicion, or concern regarding ShadowClan's antics. He had hidden his fear fairly well. Neither Fernshade, Cloudwing, or his parents had figured out how terrified he was of what ShadowClan would do next.

Would they lure more predators to them? Attack a patrol at the border? Would they attack their camp like they did?

Every passing day that they didn't see any sign of ShadowClan only made Stormspot more fearful. If ShadowClan was going to attack them, he wished they would just get it over with so that some of his

anxiety would lessen.

"Stormspot!"

Stormspot nearly leapt out of pelt as Fernshade bounded up to him.

"Isn't it great?!" His sister exclaimed.

"Yes." Stormspot agreed. "You must be proud of your kits."

Fernshade shook her head. "Well yes but, I meant about Poppycloud. He hasn't been a warrior that long and he's already a mentor."

"Right. Yes, it is great." Stormspot meowed. "I'm proud of him. He'll teach Sparkpaw well."

Fernshade smiled. "Of course he will. He was trained by you."

She flicked her tail and padded off. Another rumble of thunder sounded in the sky. Several cats turned their gazes to the sky and out of the corner of his eye, Stormspot noticed Whitepool and Pinestripe flatten their ears. Badgerpaw sat betweent them, looking worried. The young apprentice still hadn't quite adjusted to his new clan. He often had a look of fear or nervousness in his eyes. But he wasn't the only one anymore.

The dark clouds had casted a shadow of uneasiness over several cats in the clan. Many had wondered if it was an omen, a warning, or just weird weather. Stormspot had hoped it was just the weather but from the looks of Whitepool, Pinestripe, and occasionally Fallowstar...something told him that that wasn't the case.

He tore his eyes away from the sky, and padded over to the warriors' den, where his mother was sitting. "Hi, Rainflight."

"Hello." Rainflight greeted. "You seem..unlike youself."

Stormspot sighed and sat down. "The clouds are making me nervous. What if they're a sign?"

Rainflight placed her paw on his. "If they're a sign, a bad omen, or

just weather, whatever happens next will be StarClan's will. StarClan knows what they're doing and we have to trust them."

Stormspot sighed again, knowing his mother was right. She always was. No matter what would come next, they could handle it. Shadowclan hadn't made them weak; they weren't afraid. They were strong, loyal, determined, faithful.

They were ThunderClan.

A/N: sorry this chapter was short. Next one will be too, just a heads up. Ok. That's all .

Ch.16

[image]

(Cat above is Rainkit)

Stormspot sat excitedly outside the nursery, Cloudwing at his side. Today his kits had turned six moons old and it was time for their apprentice ceremony. For the third day in a row now, the dark cloud rumbled above but still no rain.

"When will it start?" Snowkit asked, impatiently slamming his paws on the dirt.

"Soon." Cloudwing mewed.

"I can't wait!" Hazelkit squeaked.

"Who do you think out mentors will be?" Rainkit asked.

"We don't know." Stormspot meowed. "But whoever you get, you three will become great warriors."

"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey, join beneath the Highledge for a clan meeting."

Fallowstar's voice rang across the clearing and the clan soon began to gather. Stormspot and Cloudwing made their way to the front, their kits in between them. Fallowstar leapt from the Highledge and padded to stand in front of the kits.

"Toady, Cloudwing's kits have reached their sixth moon and it's time that they become apprentices." Fallowstar began. He flicked his tail, calling Rainkit forward. "Until this apprentice has earned his warrior name, he will be known as Rainpaw."

He scanned the crowd of cats. "Brackenear, you are a strong warrior and are ready for your next apprentice." Fallowstar meowed. "You will begin Rainpaw's training. I trust that you will pass your skills fown to him."

Brackenear stepped up to the from and nodded then turned to touch noses with Rainpaw. Fallowstar flicked his tail, signaling Hazelkit. "Until this apprentice has earned her warrior name, she will be known as Hazelpaw. Brightwing you will be her mentor."

Fallowstar paused, allowing the white and ginger she cat to make her way to the front. "You are a young warrior but I have you demonstrate the qualities of a mentor and I trust that you will pass your skills down to Hazelpaw."

Brightwing gave a proud nod before turning to Hazelpaw, bending down to touch noses. Finally, Fallowstar slowly dipped his head to Snowkit. Snowkit proudly padded forward, meeting his leader's eyes.

"Until this apprentice has earned his warrior name, he will be known as Snowpaw. Ashshade you will be his mentor. You trained his mother and made her an excellent warrior and I trust that you will do the same with Snowpaw." Fallowstar went on.

Ashshade padded to the front and lowered his head to touch noses with Snowpaw. "Rainpaw! Hazelpaw! Snowpaw!" The clan welcomed the new apprentices by their names.

Fallowstar flicked his tail, signaling that the ceremony was over. Stormspot and Cloudwing padded over to their newly apprenticed kits.

"We're so proud of you three." Cloudwing meowed, licking each of her kits between the ears.

"You're going to be excellent warriors." Stormspot mewed.

Snowpaw nodded. "We won't let you down."

The three new apprentices bounded off to find thier new mentors. Stormspot's mood as well as the clan's had lightened through the past couple of day with the excitement and anticipation for the ceremony.

But a small shadow of fear still hung over the camp, as the storm cloud grew darker and darker with each passing day. Stormspot

accepted that it may not be the weather. StarClan was warning them.

He just hoped that ThunderClan could prepare themselves...for what StarClan was warning them about.

A/N: again sorry that this chapter was short. But prepare yourself for the next chapter. It's long and well, you'll see.

Ch.17

[image]

(Cat above is Stonehaze)

Stormspot sat outside the warriors' den, his tail wrapped neatly around his paws. The dark storm clouds rolled overhead, looking more black now than dark gray. Stormspot let his gaze sweep across his clan. His calm clan.

Fallowstar was under the Highledge with Shadedsky and Oakflame. The apprentices were outside their den. Whitepool and Pinestripe were speaking outside their den with Badgerpaw.

The air was still and calm. The forest was silent. But then a small breeze carried in a familiar, terrifying smell. The peace was gone.

"Attack!"

Stormspot let out a grunt as a ShadowClan warrior barreled into him. He scrambled to his paws and leapt at his attacker, ranking his claws across his face. The ShadowClan cat yowled in pain and swiped at Stormspot, tearing one of his ears. Stormspot ranked his claws over his opponent's back and neck. The cat grunted and whipped its body around, landing a blow to Stormspot's head. Stormspot staggered back and dodged to the side as the ShadowClan cat leapt again. Stormspot managed to pin the cat and ranked his claws across the cat's belly. The cat yowled in pain and angled his paws on Stormspot's underside and pushed him off then leapt away.

Stormspot quickly looked around. All around him, ShadowClan and ThunderClan cats were locked in battle. He spotted Rainflight by the queens fighting Toadleap, Fernshade battled with Maplefrost, and Stonehaze battled with Neetlesplash. Cloudwing fought alongside Fireclaw. All six apprentices were battle two ShadowClan apprentices and an older looking warriror. But there were two cats that Stormspot didn't see amongst the ShadowClan cats.

Mumblestep and Cedarflame. His two friends from ShadowClan were no where in sight. It looked like all of ShadowClan was there. Why were they not?

Stormspot shook his thoughts away and threw himself back into the fight. He grasped a nearby ShadowClan with his claws, but was shaken loose. He tumbled over and the ShadowClan warrior turned on him and gripped him. He managed to twist and sink his teeth deep into the cat's flesh. The warrior yowl and Stormpaw bit harder. The warrior shook its body and managed to throw Stormspot off then took off to help its clanmates.

Stormspot looked around again. He spotted Rainflight and Toadleap. The black and white warrior leapt at the gray she cat. Rainflight tried to dodge but wasn't quick enough. Stormspot watched in horror as Toadleap pinned his mother to the gorund and bite down on her throat. Rainflight's body spasmed for a moment before lying still.

No! Stormspot felt frozen like a stream in leaf bare. He quickly looked around to find his father. He spotted Stonehaze and Neetlesplash, both bleeding heavily. Neetlesplash was showing no mercy, barley giving Stonehaze an opportunity to defend himself. In one quick heartbeat, Neetlesplash leapt at the gray tabby warrior and slashed his neck. Stonehaze fell to the ground, his final breath escaping his body.

This can't be happening! Stormspot thought.

Stormspot looked around. Where was Fernshade?! He looked but didn't spot his sister anywhere. But something bore into his fur. He turned around and was met with the burning amber eyes of Maplefrost. Inside the she cat's jaw...was Fernshade. Her gray tabby pelt was stained from head to toe in blood. Maplefrost's eyes bore into Stormspot's, as she clamped her jaws shut. Fernshade's body spasmed, then went limp. Maplefrost opened her jaws and Stormspot watched as his sister's body fell to the ground.

Suddenly there was a yowl from the clearing.
Wolfstar was making his way back through the thorn barrier, his clan following. Toadleap, Maplefrost, and Neetlesplash were the last

to leave.

The dark clouds rumbled again...and then the rain came. Stormspot felt the ground crumple beneath his paws. His mother, his father, his sister were dead. He lost them.

The three fallen warriors were moved to the clearing, the rain puddles turning a faint red. Stormspot sat down beside his family's bodies and let his claws sink into the ground. Fireclaw rushed passed him and threw himself down by Fernshade's body.

"Fernshade..." he choked. Their kits joined him, curling up next to their mother.

Stormspot lowered his head. The tears fell. His family was gone. Cloudwing came up beside him and gently pressed her muzzle against his shoulder. His kits gathered at his paws, pressing themselves against his legs.

Fallowstar padded up to the three bodies, Oakflame at his heels. He bent down and pressed his nose into each cat's pelt. "StarClan, welcome these three warriors. They died bravely and honorably in accordance to your will."

"Is everyone else alright?" Oakflame asked.

"Yes." Whitepool answered from where he was treating Branchpelt's wounds.

Pinestripe nodded reassuringly from where he was, treating Frostflower. Badgerpaw was running around, doing what help he could with what he knew how to do.

Stormspot padded over and layed himself down by his family. The moments played over in his mind. The sight of Toadleap standing over his mother; Neetlesplash's claws tearing his father's throat; the burning hatred in Maplefrost's eyes and the shutting of her jaws around his sister's neck.

They killed them.

Stormspot's hackles began to rise and his claws slid out. The rain

poured around him, making his pelt stick to his body. ShadowClan thought they had won finally, but it was only the beginning. Now it what his turn.

They killed them.

Now they will die.

Ch.18

[image]

(Cat above is Toadleap)

The sun dragged slowly across the sky. Stormspot's belly gently brushed the undergrowth as he slipped through the forest. He was heading to ShadowClan territory. He had been sent out to hunt but Stormspot had other motives. His plan for vengeance had been put into action. He reached the border and paused.

Rainflight...this is for you.

Stormspot let out a deep breath then stepped over the border. As he made his way through the unfamiliar territory, his dark blue eyes darted back and forth, looking for signs of a ShadowClan patrol. He would have his pelt ripped off if any ShadowClan cat spotted him. His plan would be ruined. He had to be careful.

Suddenly, a dark shape flitted across the grass. The black and white cat was alone. It was Toadleap.

Stormspot crept closer then crouched behind a boulder. Toadleap hadn't noticed him and was crouched low to the ground and Stormspot assumed the tom was hunting. He stalked closer, his paws light as feathers. His plan would work. Kill the black and white warrior then leave his body by a fox burrow. Certainly some ShadowClan cat would be mousebrained enough to fall for it. Especially if he left no trace of his visit behind.

Stormspot was tail lengths away now and Toadleap was still unaware. Stormspot unsheathed his claws and sprang forward. He landed hard on his target's back, sending him rolling onto the pine-covered floor. *I can't give him a chance to fight back!*

Toadleap attempted to stand but before he could steady himself, Stormspot leapt again, this time pinning the tom down. He placed his claws at the ShadowClan cat's throat. His claws stretched

themsleve around the struggling tom's neck, slowly drawing blood. He could feel the black and white cat's hindlegs batting at his underside, attempting to beat him off.

"Wh-a-" Toadleap tried to call out.

"This is for my mother." Stormspot snarled.

In one swift motion, his teeth sank into the struggling cat's neck. Toadleap's body spasmed then layed still, his yellow eyes turning dull and lifeless.

It was done.

He was dead.

Stormspot's chest swelled with triumph. His first family member avenged. His first target dead.

Two more to go.

He quickly covered Toadleap's body with scars and picked him up by his scruff. He found the old fox burrow and tucked Taodleap's body inside, part of him sticking out. Stormspot prayed that whoever found this would believe a fox had killed Toadleap.

Before he was noticed, Stormspot quickly covered his scent and raced back across the border. He padded to the lake, washing his paws and teeth of Toadleap's blood.

As he headed back to camp, he hunted quickly, catching a squirrel and a vole. He slipped through the thorn tunnel and dropped off his catch. He let his gaze sweep the camp. The clan had recovered from the attack...at least they had physically. That morning they burried his family. Few were still grieving, in their own way.

Fireclaw had spent the morning after the burial in the warriors' den, curled up in the nest that he and Fernshade had shared. According to their mentors, his sister's kits weren't paying attention or training as hard. They were grieving the right way, as opposed to Stormspot.

I'm breaking the warrior code. Would my family be ashamed? Would

they be touched that I avenged them? What about Branchpelt or Poppycloud?

No cat knew of his plan to avenge his family. He knew he couldn't tell any cat and if anyone found out, Stormspot had a good idea of what his punishment would be. But he didn't want to think about it.

He had to plan out his next attack. His sister's killer, Maplefrost. He knew the orange and white warrior would be more difficult to get to then Toadleap. Getting her alone would be a challange.

I have to do it.

Stormspot shook his thoughts away and padded over to the fresh kill pile. He picked out a small thrush and ate it in two swift, hungry bites. He figured a ShadowClan patrol had discovered Toadleap's body by now.

And tomorrow they would find Maplefrost's...

Lifeless.

Ch.19

[image]

(Cat above is Maplefrost)

Stormspot silently made his way through ShadowClan territory. He was following a ShadowClan patrol lead by his next target—Maplefrost. Only two other warriors were with her and Stormspot recognized them as Hollystream and Dawnmoon. He paused and crouched behind a bush. He had to get Maplefrost alone. But how?

He took a step to continue following the patrol, but quickly pulled back and hid lower in the bush as he stepped on a twig causing it to snap. The patrol stopped and Maplefrost whipped her head around right in his direction. *Mousedung!*

"What was that?" Hollystream asked.

"It could've been anything." Dawnmoon mewed.

Maplefrost stepped away from the patrol, her eyes scanning the trees. "Dawnmoon, Hollystream, go ahead and go back to camp." She instructed. "*I'll* continue the patrol."

"are you sure?" Dawnmoon asked.

"Yes." Maplefrost meowed. "I'll be fine."

Dawnmoon nodded and followed Hollystream back throughout the forest. Maplefrost began padding around, sniffing the trees and tasting the air. The fur on her neck rose and her tail was swaying irritably.

Stormspot rose from his spot and began slowly following her. The orange and white she cat was unaware that he was behind her. Once he knew that Hollystream and Dawnmoon were out of earshot and most likely back at ShadowClan's camp, Stormspot let his claws slide out.

This is for you, Fernshade.

He reared up on his hindlegs legs and leapt at Maplefrost. The ShadowClan she cat grunted in surprise. Stormspot stood on her back and sank his teeth into the scruff on her neck and dug his claws deep into her shoulders.

"Get off me!" Maplefrost snarled.

She thrashed her body around in attempt to throw him off. Stormspot gripped tighter to her, blood flowing down her shoulders and chest. Maplefrost let out a cry of pain and Stormspot sank his teeth all the way into her neck.

The orange and white she cat's cry was silenced in a heartbeat. Stormspot leapt of her, blood dripping from his muzzle. Maplefrost's body staggered for a moment before falling to the ground.

She was with Toadleap now. Dead.

Stormspot smiled in satisfaction. He picked up Maplefrost's body and headed to the small thunderpath inside ShadowClan territory. He would leave her body there.

I didn't kill her. Stormspot thought to himself. *A monster did.*

He reached the black strip of land and laid Maplefrost's body halfway on the path and on the grass. He ranked his claws down her chest and shoulders, making her look more like a monster truly hit her.

Once the scene looked believable, Stormspot covered his tracks and raced back through ShadowClan terrible, back across the boder, and back into his own. He made his way to the lake and washed his paws and muzzle.

He hunted on his way back to camp, making up for the time he was gone. He slipped through the gorse tunnel and dropped off his catches. He looked around the clan and noticed that every cat seemed more lively since the attack. Fireclaw had returned to his duties and was smiling more. His kits were focusing more on their training.

Cloudwing padded up to him, a small smile on her face. "Good hunt?"

"Yes." Stormspot replied, giver her ear a small lick.

"It's nice to see clan smiling again." Cloudwing mewed. "I was worried about Fireclaw and his kits."

"Well, Fireclaw did loose his mate," Stormspot commented. "and his kits are growing up without their mother."

Cloudwing's eyes softened and she lowered her head for a moment. "At least they're growing up with a father. Did you forget that I didn't?"

Stormspot sat down and wrapped his tail around his mate. "Of course not." He waited for Cloudwing to sit beside him. "Did Deerspot ever tell you about your father?"

"Just that he was white tom with blue eyes. She said he was wonderful for ThunderClan. She said he died of greencough shortly after I was born." Cloudwing explained. "I wish I could've known him."

"He sounds wonderful." Stormspot mewed. "And you'll meet him one day."

Cloudwing smiled. "One day but not any time soon."

She reached up and licked Stormspot's muzzle and padded to the warriors' den. Stormspot layed himslef down, letting the sun's light warm his fur. He had to plan his final attack.

Two of his targets were dead. So far no cat had suspected any thing from him. No cat had accused anycat of murder. His plans were working. Now, there was only one cat left to kill.

His father's murdurer.

His final target was the deputy of ShadowClan.

Ch.20

[image]

(Cat above is Neetlesplash)

Sunlight filtered into the den, casting streaks of light over the gray tom's body. Stormspot opened his eyes and gave his body a long stretch, his jaws opening in a yawn.

Today was the day; his final act of vengeance would be complete. His father avenged. His family avenged. The fire inside him extinguished.

He rose to his paws and padded out of the den. Most of the clan was awake and already tending to their duties. The apprentices were heading off with their mentors, Oakflame was sending out patrols. Stormspot bounded up to the red brown tom, ambition flowing in his viens.

"Oakflame, do you need me for a patrol?" He asked. "Would you like me to hunt?"

"Hunting would be great." Oakflame meowed. "Hunt near the ShadowClan border but be careful. Stay a good distance from it."

Or I'll cross it.

Stormspot nodded and bounded across the clearing and through the thorn tunnle. He quickly slipped through ThunderClan territory and with no hesitation, across the ShadowClan border.

He slowed to walking pace and silently crept along the pine covered land. He knew killing Neetlesplash would be a challenge. The brown tabby was bigger than and undoubtedly stronger.

But this is for Stonehaze. I have to kill him!

Suddenly, he heard voices ringing out through the trees. Stormspot quickly hid in a bush and crouched low to the ground. He peered

out and spotted the source of the voices.

It was Wolfstar and Neetlesplash.

Wolfstar was letting out a slow laugh. "I discoved something *very* interesting the other day."

"Something to announce at the gathering?" Neetlesplash inquired.

"Yes." Wolfstar mewed. "Something I'm sure most of ThunderClan doesn't know about."

Stormspot's heart starting to beat faster. Had some cat discovered his plan?

Neetlesplash's ear twitched. "Most?"

"Fallowstar and Whitepool maybe the only ones who know of this little secret." Wolfstar meowed.

Fallowstar and Whitepool? Are they hiding something and if so, what?

"Come on." Wolfstar flicked his tail. "Let's go back to camp. The clan will be wondering where we went off to."

"You go ahead." Nettlesplash retorted. "It's been a while since I've gotten to hunt on my own."

Big mistake!

Wolfstar turned and began heading to ShadowClan's camp. "Alright. Don't be long."

Nettlesplash nodded and waited several moments for Wolfstar to get back to their camp. Finally, the brown tabby began treking through the forest, looking for signs of unsuspecting prey.

Stormspot followed him, stepping lightly so that he wouldn't be caught. *The only unsuspecting prey here is you.*

For several minutes of stalking, Stormspot's opportunity to jump the deputy never came. Nettlesplash was showing to be a harder target

that he previously suspected.

Stormspot watched the tom, his eyes forming smal blue slits. Nettlesplash stood still for a moment before crouching low to the ground and began creeping forward.

Stormspot arose from his hiding spot. *This is it!*

In one quick heartbeat, he leapt and landed hard on Neetlesplash's back. The deputy grunted as he hit the ground, struggling under the weight of his attacker. Stormspot continued to push the deputy down, not allowing him counter attack.

Neetlesplash tried to reached up and claw at Stormspot, but the ThunderClan cat would slam his paws back to the ground.

This ends now! Stormspot raised a paw and slammed it on Neetlesplash's head, hearing a series of crunches.

"This is for my father." Stormspot snarled.

The ShadowClan tom's once bright yellow eyes rolled to the back of his skull, turning dull and lifeless.

The deputy of ShadowClan....was dead.

They all were.

He had done it.

Before he was spotted, Stormspot grabbed Neetlesplash's body and dragged it to ShadowClan's side of the lake. He bit into the tom's neck and head then layed his body in the water. Neetlesplash's body floated only for a heartbeat before sinking to the bottom, his blood turning the once crystal clear water a faint red.

He washed off any traces of blood then quickly he turned and made his way back to camp. Oakflame greeted him as he slipped through the thorn tunnel.

"Did you have a good hunt?" The deputy asked.

"Absolutely." Stormspot answered.

Oakflame nodded and padded off to meet a border patrol that had just returned as well. Stormspot dropped his catches at the fresh kill pile then slipped into the warriors' den.

He curled up in his nest and wrapped his tail around himself. He let out a long sigh of satisfaction. His quest for vengeance had been a success. His family's deaths were not in vein. They had died innocently. Whatever feud was going on between Fallowstar and Wolfstar had taken their lives away. Wolfstar's orders did. So now the ShadowClan leader would know what he went through. He would find his warriors, his deputy, dead.

This is all your fault, Wolfstar. Your actions, your fued, your orders.

You have nobody to blame but yourself.

You gave me grief.

Now I've returned the favor.

Ch.21

[image]

(Cat above is Badgerpaw)

Stormspot waited from where he was crouched low to the ground. After a couple of heartbeats, he sprang forward, landing hard on the rabbit he had stalking. He killed it with a swift bite to the neck. He picked it up and continued on his hunt, catching a squirrel and a black bird to add to his already caught rabbit, shrew, and vole.

A nearby rustle sounded from behind him, making Stormspot whip his head around. Fireclaw appeared from the bushes, carrying several pieces of freshly killed prey. They both looked at each other with gleams of pride in their blue eyes.

"I just went back and dig up my other catches." He mewed. "I think we've caught plenty now. Let's head back to camp."

Stormspot nodded, reaching down to pick up his catches, and began to follow the young ginger warrior. As they slipped through the thorn tunnel, Oakflame approached them, a gleam of satisfaction in his green eyes.

"Good job, you two." He praised. "Why don't you go rest for while."

"Thanks, Oakflame." The two warriors mewed.

They dropped off their catches at the fresh kill pile, and Fireclaw slipped into the warriors' den. Stormspot padded around for a moment, unsure of how he wanted to spend his free time. A half moon had passed since he had completed his mission of vengeance. Something had been eating at him.

He looked over at the medicine den. *Whitepool and Pinestripe are wise cats. I could try talking to them.*

He made his way over to the den and poked his head inside.

"Whitepool? Pinestripe?"

"They just went out." Came the reply from inside.

Stormspot starred down at his paws for a moment. *Badgerpaw's young but he has spent a lot of time with Whitepool and Pinestripe.*

Stormspot lifted his head and padded in. He spotted Badgerpaw in the back of the den sorting through the den's stock of herbs.

"Hi, Stormspot." He greeted. "What can I help you with?"

"Well, it's nothing herbs can help." Stormspot began. "Every other cat in the clan has recovered from the battle, but I don't feel like I have."

Badgerpaw turned away from his herbs, and padded to sit in front of the speckled warrior. "Grief can be like that. Some get over quickly while other take time."

"But it been a while since the attack. I feel like I should've recovered by now." Stormspot agued.

"We all grieve in our own way. On our own time." Badgerpaw meowed. "It doesn't matter how you grieve of how long you do it for. The attack did affected you the most. You lost your family. That's not an easy thing to go through."

Stormspot lowered his head for a moment. "I guess you're right. I guess I just still really miss my family."

"I know that feeling." Badgerpaw mumbled.

"What do you mean?" Stormspot asked.

The young black and white tom wrapped his tail around himself. "Well, Pinestripe said I would stay in ThunderClan until there was no more he could teach me and then he'd send me back to ShadowClan. But a part of me doesn't want to go back. Not after what almost happened during my apprentice ceremony." He paused for a moment. "But I know that if I never go back, the only time I'll ever see my parents or my brother and sister is at gatherings."

Stormspot felt his chest swell with sympathy for the young apprentice. He had no idea what he had givem up to come to ThunderClan and train to be a medicine cat.

"You'll be alright when you go back." Stormspot meowd. "You're family will have your back and I have a feeling Hawkswoop will too."

Badgerpaw smiled. "Thanks, Stormspot."

Stormspot returned the smile. "You're welcome and thank you for the talk."

He turned and slipped back out of the den. He definitely felt a little better after that small talk. Whatever he was feeling would go away in good time. Everything would be fine.

Life would return to normal.

A/N: Hey guys sorry for the short chapter. If you remember I had no idea what this chapter would be about. Chapter 22 will be way longer, I promise.

Ch.22

[image]

(Cat above is Whitepool)

Stormspot sighed as he walked beside between Fireclaw and Cloudwing. The clan was heading to the island for the gathering and he wasn't looking forward to it.

Something I'm sure most of ThunderClan doesn't know about.

Wolfstar's words had echoed in his head, making him worry more than a clan during a harsh leaf-bare. Whatever secret the ShadowClan leader had discovered it would certainly cause trouble within ThunderClan.

Just like Wolfstar wanted.

Once they arrived on the island, Stormspot immediately began looking for two familar pelts. To his dismay, he never spotted Mumblestep or Cedarflame among the gathered clans.

What happened to them?

He didn't have time to ponder where his friends had vanished to. He had other things to worry about. As Fallowstar took his spot on the branch alongside the other leaders, Wolfstar glared at him, a tiny wicked grin across his muzzle. Driftstar, not noticing the hatred between the two toms, rose to his paws.

"Let the gathering begin." He called. "I will begin. All is well in RiverClan. Prey is running and we have suffered no threats from outside souces."

He retook his spot and and looked at his fellow leaders, inviting one of them to go next. Wolfstar and Fall simply glared at each other again. Runningstar, noticing the glares, rose to his paws.

"All is well in WindClan." He mewed. "Prey is plentiful and and we

have not suffered any casualties."

The young leader dipped his head before sitting back down. Before Wolfstar could go, Fallowstar rose to his paws. Stormspot looked at the ShadowClan leader, expecting him to look annoyed, but instead the dark gray and white tom looked pleased, as if wanted Fallowstar to go before him.

"Not long ago, ThunderClan suffered an attack and tragically lost three brave and loyal warriors—Stonehaze, Rainflight, and Fernshade." He began. "But since then, we have recovered well and give thanks to StarClan for our swift recovery."

He sat back down, not bothering to look at Wolfstar. Wolfstar rose to his paws, and Stormspot noticed the proud look in his eyes.

"Not long ago, ShadowClan also lost three warriors." Wolfstar meowed. "If you noticed, Neetlesplash is not present tonight. He sadly was one of them. The other two were Toadleap and Maplefrost."

He them casted a smug look at Fallowstar. "But I have far more exciting news than that. I discovered from a one of my clanmates a little secret shared only by Fallowstar and his pitiful medicine cat. You cared so much you're willing to keep Whitepool's little secret."

Stormspot looked to Fallowstar then to Whitepool. His leader looked ready to rip Wolfstar apart, while Whitepool looked frightened.

"Wolfstar, unless you want to loose the rest of you lives, I suggest you shut your mouth!" Fallowstar snarled.

"What wrong Fallowstar?" Wolfstar taunted. "Too good of a leader to admit when you've broken the warrior code?"

Fallowstar and Whitepool broke the warrior code?!

"Fallowstar!"

Every cats' eyes turned to see that Whitepool had risen to his paws. His eyes shone with dread but slight courage.

"This secret has eaten at me for too long, Fallowstar." He mewed. "I have to tell them."

The medicine cat lowered his head for a moment before looking up and looking at Deerspot then, to Stormspot's surprise, at Cloudwing.

He closed his eys then lifted his head high.

"I am Deerspot's mate and the father of Cloudwing!"

Several shocked and angered gasped rippled through the island. Stormspot looked at Cloudwing, who sat beside him. His mate's eye were filled with betrayal and hurt. She looked at Deerspot, who had risen to her paws.

"Cloudwing, I-" the brown amd white she cat began.

Without giving her mother a chance to explain, Cloudwing scrambled to her paws and races across the tree bridge and off the island. Stormspot felt his heart break for the young she cat.

"That's not the only secret ShadowClan has!" A voice ranged about the commotion.

Flarewind, a ginger ShadowClan warrior, had risen to his paws. "While hunting a few days ago, I happened upon something interesting. I found Neetlesplash's body in the lake, his skull broken amd his neck slashed. A bloody trail of paw prints lead out of ShadowClan territory and into ThunderClan. Alongside their end of the lake, I discovered a small tuft of gray fur with a dark end, belonging to a speckled gray cat."

"And there's only one cat in ThunderClan who is a speckled gray cat." Wolfstar added. He pointed with his tail to Stormspot. "My warriors were murdered by that manging tom!"

Stormspot felt all the eyes on the island on him. Fallowstar has risen to his paws, rage in his eyes. Stormspot looked around frantically. His had been caught and exposed.

I have to get out of here!

He rose to his paws and took off across the tree bridge. He leapt to the other side and began sprinting back to canp. He figured his clan would be behind him shortly, but before whatever happened next...he had to make sure Cloudwing was alright.

He finally made it to back, and slipped through the thorn tunnel. He head to the warriors' den and found Cloudwing curled up tightly in her nest.

"Cloudwing, are you alright?" He asked, laying his tail over her back.

"She could've told me!" Cloudwing spat. "She could've told me he was my father! I could've kept the secret too!"

"Stormspot!"

Stormspot's pelt prickled. The rest of ThunderClan was back. He bent down and licked Cloudwing's head before padding out. All of ThunderClan had gathered. Stormspot's kits sat by the apprentices' den, their eyeing shining with confusion and sadness. Stormspot glanced at Branchpelt and expected his old mentor's face to show disappointment, but instead the brown tabby looked depressed. Poppycloud, Stormspot's first apprentice, was beside him, the same sadness plastered on his face.

"Is it true?!" Fallowstar demanded, as he filed into the clearing.

Stormspot sighed. "Yes. It's true."

His clanmates who were not present at the gathering let out shocked gasps and began murmuring to one another.

"You have broken the warrior code." Fallowstar meowed. "There's only one suitable punishment for a crime such as murder."

Stormspot looked around at his shocked, angry, and saddened clan and them back to Fallowstar. He had disappointed them. His leader's next words caused he ground beneath his paws to grumble.

"Stormspot, you are banished from ThunderClan!"

Ch.23

[image]

Stormspot starred back at his leader.

Banished?!

"No!"

Stormspot and all of the clan looked to the source of the cry. It was Cloudwing. She had burst from the warriors' den, her eyes wide with shock and worry.

Stormspot looked back at his mate them turned his eyes to his kits. Their eyes mayches their mother's; shock, worry, sadness.

"Fallowstar, I-" Stormspot began.

"No!" Fallowstar snarled. "My mind is made up. There's no excuse for murder."

"Please!" Stormspot cried. "Let me explain!"

"No!" Fallowstar growled. "Leave now or my warriors will chase you out and make sure you never set one paw inside ThunderClan ever agin!"

Black storm clouds rolled overhead, thunder and lightning crashed. Either it just bad weather...or StarClan was angry with him. Stormspot gazed around. The cats gathered around him starred back with shocked, hurt, or entaged eyes.

I have to get out of here!

Before any cat could chase him out, Stormspot turned on his heels and bolted through the thorn tunnel, hard rain beginning to pour on the forest. He ran as fast as his legs could carry him, leaping past trees and rocks.

A large crack of thunder struck a nearby tree, causing it to tilt and fall. Befor it could crush him, Stormspot sprinted ahead, hearing the tree hit the ground behind him.

He didn't know where he was running to. All he knew was that he had to get out of ThunderClan territory. As he ran, all his past moments that lead to this point replayed in his mind. From the moment he born, Stormspot never imagined he would have been banished from his clan, now fleeing for his life.

What have I done? Is banishment worth knowing I avenged my family?

Stormspot shook his head, washing away his thoughts. The storm continued to rampage around him, the wind crashing agaisnt him, the rain making his pelt heavy and stick to his body, the thunder shaking the forest to its roots.

Stormspot planted his paws hard on the ground, slowing himself down to an abrupt stop. He looked around to see where he was but the wind and rain made it difficult.

He took off again, sprinting and kicking up mud and leaves as he ran. A billion thoughts were racing in his mind. Where would he go? Would he be a loner? A rouge? If he was spotted on ThunderClan territory again...would he be killed?

A loud crash snapped him out of his worries. A large lightning bolt struck a tree in front of him, sending it fallong his way. Stormspot picked up he pace like he did before but before he could move out of the way...the world went black.

Alright! That's the official end to Stormspot's Grief! I hope you all enjoyed it and thanks so much for voting amd commenting and reading! Look forward to more books!

I'm just kidding :p

Ch.24

[image]

(Cat above is Bailey)

"Hey! Hello? Wake up, sleepyhead!"

Stormspot blinked his eyes open, groaning in pain. He lazily turned his head and was met with a pair or sparkling, bright green eyes. A brown tabby she cat, probably not much younger than him, was sitting in front of him, a big smile plastered across her muzzle. She was lithe with short, silky fur, and a skinny yet fluffy tail. There were parts of her fur that were timted with white. Her eyes were kind and soft and her smile was warm and welcoming.

"Thank goodness you're okay." She meowed. "That was some storm, huh? I got worried when I found you but then I saw that you were still breathing."

Stormspot rolled onto his stomach, a throbbing pain in his head. He pressed a paw to his head amd starred back at the she cat. "What are you talking about?" He asked.

The she cat's ears drooped with concern. "You don't remember what happened?"

Stormspot rubbed his head. "I just remember the storm and-" then it hit him. "The tree. It fell on me. And I'm still alive?"

The she cat let out a purr of amusement. "You're still breathing and talking aren't you?"

"Where am I?"

"You're in my home." The she cat answered. "It's just an old twoleg nest that's been abandoned for some time."

Stormspot grunted a little as a little wave of pain flowed through his head. "Well thank you..um.." He trailed off, realizing he hadn't

learned the she cat's name yet.

"Bailey." The she cat mewed as if she read his mind. "My name's Bailey."

Stormspot tilted his head to one side. Bailey sure sounded like a kittypet name. It was too soft to be the name of a rogue or loner. Plus, this she cat didn't seem like a fighter.

"Were you once a kittypet?" He asked.

"I think so." Bailey answered. "I know my mom was and I think me and my brother were too but were too little to remember. My mother became a loner when her twolegs got a dog."

"Where are your mother and brother?"

Bailey's ears drooped to the side of her head and her eyes softened. "They died a while ago. They were killed by a fox."

Stormspot let his eyes fall to his paws. He knew what it was like to loose family. "I'm so sorry."

"Thanks." Bailey mewed. She suddenly perked up and layed down closer to Stormspot, crossing her paws. "So what's your name, mystery tom?"

Stormspot purred at Bailey's playfulness. He knew his name would sound strange to her just as hers was to him. "I'm Stormspot."

Bailey's ears perked up. "You're a clan cat!" She exclaimed. "You should get back to your clan. They're probably wondering where you are."

Stormspot tucked his tail around himself. "Actually I *was* a clan cat. And they know where I am. I can't go back."

"Why not?" Bailey asked, sorrow hinted in her voice.

Stormspot rested his head in his paws. "I did something terrible." He mumbled. "I was banished. I disappointed every cat; my old mentor, my mate, our kits."

Bailey scooted closer to him. "If you don't mind me asking and if you want to talk about it, what did you do?"

Stormspot sighed. "There was a battle between my clan and another clan. My mother, father, and sister were killed. In the span of three days after the battle, I hunted down and killed the cats that killed them. Last night, the other clan found out and annoumced it to every cat and now all four of the clans know. I didn't want it to end like this. I just wanted to avenge my family."

Bailey pressed her pelt against his and lightly licked his cheek. "I'm so sorry that happened. I guess we both know what it's like to loose our family. i wanted to do the same when my mom and brother were killed but I know I can't take on a fox by myself."

Stormspot smiled a little but it faded quickly. "I didn't get to explain myself. I was threatened. I can't step a paw back in the territory."

"Sounds like you've had a rough night." Bailey mewed.

"My life wasn't always rough." Stormspot retorted. "My life was pretty good before I became a warrior. The only good thing after that was my kits being born. Now I'm just a homeless, mangy loner."

Bailey smiled. "Well, you don't have to be homeless. You're welcome to stay here if you'd like. It's safe and warm and there's plenty of mice and rats. Plus I could use the company."

Stormspot smiled. This she cat he just met was being nice, welcoming and...comforting. She had saved his life. She was offering him a home, food. A second chance to live a good life.

Maybe life here wouldn't be so bad. A life with Bailey.

"Thank you, Bailey. I'd like to stay here." He meowed.

Bailey pressed against him again wrapping her tail around them. "Welcome to your new home, Stormspot."

Ch.25

[image]

(Cat above is Bramble)

"I wanna be the warrior, Bramble! You were the warrior last time."

"No, I wasn't! Stone was." The small brown tabby kit retorted.

Stone looked up from where he had been practicing his pouncing on a leaf. "I was the leader last time. Violet, you were the warrior last."

Stormspot watched his kits bicker and play, slight pride swelled in his heart knowing they took so much intrest into the clans. His life as loner was better than he imagined. He had Bailey and now their litter of four kits.

There was Bramble, the oldest. He was a brown tabby just like his mother, except for the white tints. Then their was Stone, who looked like his father. Stormspot had named him after Stonehaze, knowing his family still watched over him. The third born was Violet, his daughter. She had gray tabby fur bright blue eyes. The last and smallest of the litter was Owl, who was sitting with Bailey. She matched her mother's appearance perfectly, as well as her warm and sweet personality.

Each day they reminded him of his other kits. Bramble was much like Snowpaw: he was strong for his size and determined but kind. Stone was like Rainpaw: quiet at times but strong and smart whem he needs to be. Violet reminded him of Hazelpaw: she was snarky but sweet and always ready to help. Owl was her own. She was sweet, caring, comforting.

With every passing moment, Stormspot missed Cloudwing and their kits. He wasn't there to watch his kits grow or sleep next to Cloudwing every night. He missed them terribly.

But I can't go back.

"Dad!"

A tiny shriek snapped Stormspot out of his thoughts. He looked down to find Violet with and aggravated look in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Violet." He mewed. "What did you say?"

"Tell Bramble to let me be the warrior!" Violet complained. "Make him the ShadowClan leader."

Stormspot turned to his eldest kit. "Bramble, would it really be that bad if you let your sister be the warrior?"

"Yes." Bramble simply answered.

Stone rolled his eyes and stepped between his siblings. "Okay. I'll be the ShadowClan leader. Bramble, you be the WindClan reinforcement and Violet, you'll be the ThunderClan warrior."

"Okay." Bramble meowed. He turned to his youngest sibling. "Are you playing too, Owl?"

Owl sat up and shuffled nervously on her tiny paws. "Um..um...I don't know." She mumbled.

"Come on." Violet encouraged her timid sister. "You can be a RiverClan warrior."

Owl looked down at her paws and wrapped her tail tightly around herself. Bailey bent down and gently licked her between the ears. "You don't have to play if you don't want to. You can stay with me if you'd like."

"I'm gonna stay here." Owl mewed, turning back to her siblings. "I'll watch."

"Alright." Stone meowed. He turned and leapt at Violet, pinning her to the ground. "This land belongs to ShadowClan! Surrender!"

Violet wiggled underneath her brother's weight. "ThunderClan will never surrender!"

The two rolled on the ground, playfully swiping and attacking each other. After a couple of moments, Bramble joined in, throwing himself at Stone.

"Get out ShadowClan!" He declared. "ThunderClan will not give up their terriorty."

Stone separated himself from his brother, pretending he was rounding up warriors. Violet bounded over to Bramble.

"Thank StarClan you're here, Bramblestar." She meowed. "Stonestar amd his warriors showed up and attacked us."

"You're welcome, Violetheart." Bramble mewed, puffing out his chest. "My warriors and I are here to help."

Stone leapt at Bramble again, playfully batting his sides. Bramble batted back and pretended to scratch his belly repeatedly. Stone staggered back and fell to ground pretending to go limp.

"Stonestar's dead!" Violet cheered. "ThunderClan and WindClan win!"

Bramble joined in her cheering as Stone rose to his paws and shook the dust from his fur. "Good job." He mewed.

Stormspot purred at his kits. He enjoyed that they had wven given each other leader and warrior names. Whent they weren't playing as leaders they were Brambleclaw, Stonewind and Violetheart. Even though she didn't usually play with them, they gave Owl a name- Owlwing.

Bailey rose from her spot and gather her kits. "Come on, you four. It's time to sleep."

"But we're not tired." Bramble complained. "Can we stay up a little bit longer?"

"No, come on." Stormspot meowed. "The sun's setting."

The four kits bounded after their parents. Stormspot and Bailey curled up beside each other, while their kits curled up besdie

Bailey's side.

Stormspot wrapped his tail around his family and let a wave of sleep wash over him.

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A tiny sigh just loud enough for him to hear, made Stormspot crack an eye open. At the entrance of the nest, he spotted Stone sitting by himself. Stormspot rose to his paws, carefully as not to wake up his sleeping mate and other kits. He padded over and sat by his son.

"Stone, what wrong?" He asked. Then he noticed that the gray speckled kit was looking up at the sky.

"Is that StarClan?" Stone asked.

Stormspot looked up. The stats of Silverpelt were overhead. Three of the bright stars were close together and Stormspot hoped they were who he thought they were.

"Yes." He answered. "That's Silverpelt. All those stars are StarClan warriors. Past clan cats." He pointed with his tail the three close together stars. "You see those three?"

"Yes." Stone answered.

"I think those three are my family." Stormspot meowed. "You're named after one of them."

Stone pricked his ears. "I am?"

Stormspot nodded. "You're named after my father, Stonehaze. He was a silver tabby and one of the best warriors in ThunderClan."

"Wow." Stone awed, looking back up at Silverpelt. "What about your mother?"

"My mother's name was Rainflight. She was a gray tabby and one of the most caring cats." Stormspot answered.

"And who's the third one?"

Stormspot was silent for a moment. "The third is my sister, Fernshade. She was the sweetest and most spirited cat in the forest."

Stone looked at his father, noticing the sadness that had clouded his eyes. He looked back up at the stars, focusing on the three.

Stormspot looked down at his son and wrapped his tail around him, pulling him close. "You have cousins in ThunderClan."

Stone whipped his head up to look at his father. "I do?"

Stormspot nodded. "Three of them. Sparkpaw, Dewpaw, and Willowpaw."

Stone smiled. "Do you think you'll ever see them again?"

Stormspot bent down and licked his son between the ears then turned to look at Silverpelt.

"I know I will. One day."

A/N: Ok sweet little chapter but ya know what else is sweet? This book just hit 3k reads!!!! That's insane!! Thank you guys so much!! This means alot considering I never thought it'd be this popular!!

I love you guys!

Look forward to more chapters!

See ya!

Ch.26

[image]

(Cat above is Snowstorm)

Stormspot padded through the forest. He wasn't far from the ThunderClan camp. *I shouldn't be doing this*, he thought to himself. *I'll have my pelt ripped off if I get caught.*

He was hoping to find Cloudwing. He hoped to see her again. To see his kits. To See how they've grown.

Suddenly, up ahead he heard to sound of pawsteps coming closer. Stormspot stood his ground ready for which one of his old clanmates he would meet and possibly have to fight. Finally, the cat came into view. It was his son, Snowpaw. The young tom looked at Stormspot for a moment with a look of curiosity and then a look of hatred.

"What are you doing here?!" Snowpaw demanded. "You don't belong to ThunderClan anymore. Get out!"

Stormspot took a step forward. "Snowpaw, please. If you could hear me out, I'll-"

"Snowstorm."

Stormspot's ears twitched as if he didn't understand. His heart slowly began to break more. Snow*storm*? HIs kits had become warriors...and he wasn't there.

"You're a warrior?" he asked.

Snowstorm nodded. "We all are. Snowstorm, Raindrop, Hazelbreeze, Sparktuft, Dewtail, and Willowgaze."

Stormspot smiled. "Congratulations. I'm proud of you. I know you six trained hard."

"Thanks." Snowstorm replied, slight sadness tinted in his voice.

Stormspot studied his son. He was built like him, lean but strong. His white fur was sleek amd smooth, and he a a scar over his muzzle just like Stormspot did. He had grown up well.

"I'm sorry I wasn't there." Stormspot meowed. "I'm sorry I'm not the father you deserve."

Snowstorm raised his head. "Why did you do it? Why did you kill those cats?"

Stormspot sighed and lowered his head. "Grief causes you to terrible things. We all grieve differently. I wanted to avenge my family. They were killed and they were innocent. They had no part in this rivalry between Wolfstar and Fallowstar."

"I guess you did have good reasons." Snowstorm meowed. "No cat knows what you went through."

"I didn't want any cat to find out." Stormspot mewed. "I didn't want to leave ThunderClan."

"Then what are you doing here?" Snowstorm asked.

"I wanted to see you or your siblings." Stormspot answered. "Or Cloudwing."

"They're back at camp." Snowstorm replied. "I-"

"Snowstorm!"

From somewhere close by, they could hear some cat calling for Snowstorm. "That's Dewtail." The white tom mewed. "I have to go."

He turned to leave but Stormspot bounded ahead and stopped him.

"Wait." Stormspot meowed. "Before you go, please tell Raindrop amd Hazelbreeze that I'm proud of them and love them. Tell Cloudwing that I'm alive and that I'm safe. Let her know how much I love and miss her. Please."

Snowstorm looked at his paws for a moment. Fear swelled in Stormspot's chest. What if his son refused? Cloudwing would never know what happened to him after he left. After a couple of heartbeats, Snowstorm looked up, a smile ascross his muzzle.

"Don't worry. I'll tell them." He mewed. "Bye Stormspot. Stay safe."

And with he bounded off to find Dewtail and return to camp. Stormspot watched his son leave before turning on his heels and retracing his pawsteps back home.

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"Stormspot's back!" Violet cheered.

Stormspot barely looked up as three of his kits ran up to him, bombarding him with questions.

"Did you see any of your old clanmates?"

"Were you attacked?"

"Did any cat notice you?"

Stormspot didn't answered but lowered his head and kept walking. Bailey noticed the pain in his eyes and moved to usher her kits away. "Why don't you three go over there with Owl?"

The three kits nodded and bounded over to their sister. Stormspot sat at the entrance of the nest, looking down at his paws. Bailey padded over to him and sat down beside him, gently nuzzling his shoulder.

"What happened?" She asked.

"I didn't see cloudwing." Stormspot began. "I saw Snowstorm. He's a warrior now. All three of them are. He threatened me at first but I think he warmed up a little. I just wanted to see Cloudwing. I wanted to tell that I was alive and safe. That I had found a home." He paused for a moment. "That I love her."

Bailey starred at her mate for a moment before pressing her muzzle to his. "I have a feeling Cloudwing knows. I have a feeling she has never doubted your love for her or ever will. She knows you're a strong cat."

"But I wanted to tell her." Stormspot mewed. "Just so that I knew that she knew."

Bailey nuzzled him again and the two sat in silence for a moment. Their kits bounded over to them.

"Who's Snowstorm?" Stone asked.

Stormspot looked at his kits and smiled. "He's my son. He's in ThunderClan."

"We have more brothers?!" Bramble exclaimed.

"Yes." Stormspot answered. "Snowstorm and Raindrop, and you have a sister named Hazelbreeze."

"Wow!" Violet beamed. "Are they warriors?"

Stormspot nodded. "They haven't been warrior long ."

"What about our cousins?" Stone asked.

"Snowstorm told me they're warriors to—Sparktuft, Dewtail, and Willowgaze." Stormspot replied.

"I can't believe we have older siblings and cousins!" Bramble exclaimed. "And they're all warriors!"

Stormspot smiled as his kits continued talking about their clan kin. Bailey nuzzled him again and watched them with him. Stormspot looked at the sky, wondering if Snowstorm had told Cloudwing yet.

I'm safe, Cloudwing. I'll see ypu again one day.

I promise.

Ch.27

[image]

Stormspot smiled from where he was lying, watching as Bramble practiced his stalking and pouncing with his father's tail. A few days had passed since his journey into ThunderClan territory. A few days since he had seen Snowstorm.

Bailey was out in the forest, along with Violet and Stone. The kits were nearly four moons old and were anxious to explore the forest area around their home.

But suddenly, from where she had been laying, Owl's head shot up and she pointed with her tail. "They're back!"

Stormspot looked over but his eyes widened as he noticed that his mate and two kits were not walking back, but running back. Bailey's eyes were wide with fear as she hurried her kits in front of her.

Stormspot rose to his paws. "Bailey, what is it?"

"Some cat's following us!" Bailey replied.

As if to confirm her claim, the sound of twigs and leaves crunching under a cat's paw could be heard coming closer.

"Get behind me." Stormspot instructed.

Bailey nodded and got behind him, her kits behind her. Stormspot shifted into a fighting stance, his claws unsheathed. He was ready to fight whatever cat would show itself. The cat's eye suddenly peered through a bush, their yellow gaze staring right at him.

Then, to Stormspot's surprise, the eyes widened and the cat leapt from the bush. Stormspot blinked a couple of times. He couldn't believe it.

It was Poppycloud!

"Stormspot!" The patched white tom exclaimed. "I can't believe I found you!"

"Poppycloud?!" Stormspot half greeted, half questioned. "What are you doing here?"

"Stormspot, you know this cat?" Bailey asked from behind her mate.

"Yes." Stormspot replied. "Bailey, kits, this is Poppycloud. He was my first apprentice." He turned back to Poppycloud. "This is Bailey, my mate, and our kits- Bramble, Stone, Violet, and Owl."

Poppycloud dipped his head politely. "It's nice to meet you all."

From behind Bailey, the four kits ran up to Poppycloud, their eyes wide in awe. "Are you a warrior?" Stone asked.

"Yes." Poppycloud replied. "Your father trained me well."

Stormspot smiled. "Poppycloud mentored your older cousin, Sparktuft." He added.

"Really?!" Bramble asked.

Poppycloud nodded. "He became a fine warrior." He turned to Stormspot. "I now know what you felt like when I became a warrior. It's an amazing feeling to see your apprentice earn their warrior name."

Stormspot smiled as he remembered that day. He remembered the pride and excitement he ft as he watched Poppycloud and his siblings stand before their clans, not treated yet from the battle.

"Anyway, how is everything in ThunderClan?" He asked.

"All is great actually." Poppycloud replied. "Shadedsky was expecting kits and a couple of day ago they were born—two she cats and a tom. Badgernose received his medicine cat name and a few days ago he went back to ShadowClan. And youalready know about our eight new warriors."

Stormspot smiled. "That's all wonderful." Then he tilted his head.

"*Eight* new warriors? I only know my kits and Fernshade's became warriors."

"Oh! Well, we figured out what happened to Mumblestep and Cedarflame." Poppycloud explained. "They left ShadowClan shortly before the battle where...you know what happened. They lived as loners for a while. They wanted to come to us right away but were afraid that Fallowstar wouldn't let them join. Not long ago they showed up and explained their case to us and now they're members of ThunderClan."

Stormspot let out a sigh of relief. He felt good know his friends wefe safe and okay. *I guess they left ShadowClan for the same reasons Pinestripe did. They were tired of how Wolfstar lead ShadowClan.*

Stormspot shook his thoughts away, not wanting to remind himself of the things ShadowClan had done. Poppycloud ended up staying longer than planned, catching Stormspot up on ThunderClan news and even showing his kits the hunter's crouch. Soon, the sun began to set.

"It's getting late. I'd better head back and hunt. If I don't come back with prey in my mouth, Larkwatcher will have my tail." Poppycloud meowed, humorously.

"Safe travels back." Stormspot mewed. "It was really good to see you again."

Poppycloud nodded. "It was good to see you too." He nodded to Bailey. "It was nice meeting you, Baily. And your kits."

"Farewell, Poppycloud." Bailey mewed. "You're always welcome back here if you wish to seee Stormspot again."

"Bye Poppycloud!" The four kits shouted.

Poppycloud nodded his thanks and goodbyes and turned to leave. He paused and looked back.

"Goodbye Stormspot." He mewed. "I'll see ypu again. One day."

Stormspot smiled and watched as his old apprentice turned and

descended into the bushes he had first emerged from. He starred at the bushes as if he expected Poppycloud to come back or another old clanmate to appear. One who wondered what happened to him of still cared.

But no cat did. The forest was silent.

Ch.28

[image]

Stormspot lead the way through the forest, Bailey and their kits behind him. A couple days had passed since Poppycloud discoved where he had been living. The news the tom brought with him only made Stormspot miss ThunderClan even more.

As they padded along the forest, Stormspot's ears twicthed at the sound of screeching and cat wails. He looked around but couldn't see anything.

"That sounds like a badger." Bailey commented.

Stormspot nodded in agreement. "Bailey, take the kits back. I'll go check it out. I won't be gone long."

Bailey nodded and lead the kits away, turning over her shoulder and calling out," Be careful."

Stormspot nodded and descended further into the forest. As he walked, he discovered where the screeching had been coming from. It was coming from inside ThunderClan territory. His heart began to race as he took off running into his old clan's territory.

Just up ahead he could see the scene. A badger was attacking a ThunderClan patrol consisting of Oakflame, Ashshade, Fireclaw, Spottedflare, and Barkflight. The five cats looked to injured to fight. The only one who looked like they could still go on was Oakflame but even the deputy look ready to crumble beneath his own wieght. But them Stormspot noticed the badger turn and lung for a scrap of bloody dark brown fur on the forest floor.

It was Fallowstar!

The ThunderClan leader was lying motionless, blood flowing from a blow to his head. The badger reared up and raised a paw, ready to attack the still tom again. But before it could, Stormspot leapt from

where he was and landed on the badger's head. He began clawing at its head and eyes, holding on tight as the badger thrashed its head around, attempting to throw him off.

Stormspot ranked his claws over the badger's eyes, blinding it. The badger trew him off, shrieking as it turned and lumbered off back into the forest. Stormspot hissed as it left, making sure it knew not to return.

"Stormspot?!"

Stormspot turned around. The patrol starred back at with wide eyes.

"What are you doing here?" Oakflame asked.

"I heard the all the noise and I was afraid it was a ThunderClan patrol. So I came to help." Stormspot explained. "I didn't mean to trespass. I'll go."

Stormspot turned to leave but was cut off by a, "Wait!"

He turned around to Fallowstar slowly staggering to his paws. The dark brown and white tom slowly limped over to him. "You came to help?"

"Yes, I did. I promised to protect and defend my clan even at the cost of my life. And as long as I'm still breathing, I will never break that promise." Stormspot mewed.

Oakflame padded over to the two toms. "Fallowstar did you loose a life?"

"Yes. Why?" Fallowstar meowed.

"Because Stormspot saved you from loosing another. That badger was going for you again then Stormspot showed up amd sent it away." Fireclaw explained.

Fallowstar turned back to Stormspot. "You came back to help us even after I banished you?"

Stormspot nodded. "I was honored for my loyalty and dedication, wasn't I?"

He then sat down and wrapped his tail around himself. "I know that what I did was wrong. But I was grieving. Grief makes us do terrible things sometimes and we all grieve in a way we know will help is overcome it." Stormspot meowed, remembering his talk with Badgernose.

Stormspot waited for a cat to reply and what Fallowstar mewed made him shoot his head up.

"I'm sorry."

Stormspot starred at the leader. "What?"

"I'm sorry." Fallowstar repeated. "I now see that I was wrong to banish you. We need a warrior like you. A warrior who no matter where they are or what situation they're in, their love and loyalty for their clan never dies."

Fallowstar stepped forward and rested his muzzle on Stormspot's head. "Welcome back to ThunderClan."

Stormspot starred as if he couldn't believe what he was hearing. Fallowstar had welcomed him back. He was a member of ThunderClan again!

"Thank you, Fallowstar." Stormspot mewed.

"Might I add that the cats he killed were Maplefrost who killed Marshtail, Toadleap who blinded me, and Neetlesplash." Ashshade commented.

"Yes." Spottedflare agreed. "Sounds like Stormspot actually did the forest a favor."

Fallowstar dismissed the two warriors and waved his tail. "Come on, let's go back to camp."

Stormspot's heart swelled with excitement as he padded back with the patrol. When they slipped through the thorn tunnel, all of the

clam looked him.

"Stormspot!"

Cloudwing raced over to him and Stormspot bounded a head to meet her. Cloudwing pressed her muzzle to his , both cats purring in affection.

"What are you doing here?" Cloudwing asked.

"I'm a member of ThunderClan again." Stormspot meowed. He pressed his muzzle to hers again. "I missed you so much, Cloudwing."

Cloudwing licked his cheek. "I missed you too."

Snowstorm, Raindrop, and Hazelbreeze ran up to their father. Stormspot's family was whole again.

Fallowstar leapt onto the Highledge the best he as he not been treated of his wounds yet. "Cats of ThunderClan! My patrol suffered a badger attack that costed me one of my lives. But thanks to Stormspot the badger is gone and I was saved from loosing another life." The leader called. "Stormspot has been welcomed back into ThunderClan as I owe him one of my lives."

Poppycloud rose to his paws with the rest of the clan joining in. "Stormspot! Stormspot!"

Stormspot smiled as his clan welcomed him back. Then he remembered: he told Bailey he wouldn't be gone long. How would he see her again? *They could join ThunderClan. After all, my kits do have an interest in the clans.*

"Fallowstar," Stormspot called. "Ma I request something?"

"Go ahead." Fallowstar replied.

"While living as a rogue, I met a she cat named Bailey. She saved my life and later we became mates and had kits." Stormspot began explaining. "My kits show an interest in the clans and I feel that one day they'll make excellent warriors. If they agree, may they join

ThunderClan?"

Fallowstar turned his head, pondering. "Tomorrow, you, Oakflame and I will go see them. I'll talk to them about it and if they agree, then yes, they can join."

He leapt from the Highledge, dismissing the clan. Stormspot turned to Cloudwing, ready to explain the situation.

"Cloudwing, look I-"

"I know you have another mate and kits." Cloudwing cut him off. "Poppycloud told me. I'm not mad. I had no doubt that you stopped loving me."

"I never did." Stormspot mewed. "I will always love you."

Cloudwing stepped forward and licked his cheek. "I for one can't wait to meet your other mate."

"She's a wonder cat and loving mother." Stormspot mewed.

Cloudwing smiled and padded to the warriors' den, Stormspot followimg. They went to the nest that they shared and curled up next to each other.

Reunited. Whole again.

Ch.29

[image]

Stormspot padded alongside Fallowstar and Oakflame. He was leading them to Bailey's shed to discuss her and their kits joining ThunderClan. Part of him hoped they would but another part worried that Bailey wouldn't want to.

After a couple of moments of walking, the old twoleg nest came into view. Bailey saw him and ran to him, pressing her muzzle to his.

"You're alright!" She exclaimed. "I was so worried."

"I'm sorry I didn't come back." Stormspot mewed. "Something happened."

Baileynodded them noticed her mate's two companions. "Who are they?"

"This is ThunderClan's leader, Fallowstar." Stormspot replied. "And Oakflame, ThunderClan's deputy."

Fallowstar stepped forward and dipped his head politely. "Hello, Bailey. We are not here to harm you. We would like to discuss something."

"Alright." Bailey nodded. "What is it?"

"I'm a member of ThunderClan again." Stormspot began. "But I don't want to be separated from you or our kits."

"So, we've come to offer you and your kits a life in ThunderClan." Oakflame mewed. "You'd become a queen since you have kits."

Bailey looked hesitant. She looked back at the nest that had been her home for as long as she could remember. "I don't know."'she mewed quietly.

"Bailey, I can promise that you will be cared for and protected." Fallowstar meowed, trying to ease the she cat. "There is plebty more to eat in our territory besides mice and rats. You have a better den that we can fix if it starts to break."

"There are cats there who, at the first sign of danger, will protect you and the other queens." Oakflame added. "Cats that will bring your fresh kill when you're hungry. A medicine cat for if you or your kits get sick or injured."

Bailey still looked umsure but her eyes looked as if they were showing slight interest.

"If we join ThunderClan, will we become warriors?" Bramble asked from beside Bailey.

"Not right away." Oakflame answered. "You would train as apprentices first."

"But then we'd be warriors?" Violet asked.

"Yes." Stormspot replied.

"But what about me?" Bailey asked. "I'm not much of a fighter. Is there a way I can join but not be a warrior?"

Stormspot's tail dropped behind him. He hadn't thought about what Bailey's role could be if she didn't want to hunt and fight. Surely there was something she could do.

"There is." Fallowstar meowed. "You can be a permanent queen. You would stay in our nursery and help the future queens take care of the kits."

"That sounds wonderful." Bailey mewed. "If that's what I can do, then I will gladly join ThunderClan. If it means I'm still with Stormspot and I would love to see my kits become warriors like their father."

Fallowstar smiled and flicked his tail. "Then follow us. Your new home is waiting."

Stormspot filed in beside Bailey as Fallowstar and Oakflame began leading them back through the forest, explaining the ways of the clan to her and their kits. When they reached the thorn tunnel, Fallowstar stopped and looked at Bailey to see if she was ready. Bailey smiled and nodded. They slipped through and was met with an already gathered clan.

"Welcome to ThunderClan, Bailey." Fallowstar mewed. He flicked his tail and Redfur, Mosspelt, and Shadedsky came forth feom the crowd. "This is Redfur, Mosspelt, and Shadedsky. They'll show you and your kits to the nursery."

"What about everyone else?" Bailey asked.

"There will be a time when you will know all of us." Fallowstar replied. "But right now we want to make sure your comfortable here."

Bailey dipped her head in thanks and followed the three queens to the nursery, ushering her kits in front of her. Stormspot began to pad after them amd was suddenly joined by Cloudwing.

"Do you think she'll adjust?" The white she cat asked.

"I'm sure she will." Stormspot mewed. "Like Fallowstar said, we want her to be comfortable."

They slipped into the nursery just as the queens finished getting Bailey settled in. Bailey looked up amd smiled. "You must be Cloudwing!"

Cloudwing nodded. "Welcome to ThunderClan. It's wonderful to meet you."

"You're really the only cat here I know of." Bailey mewed. "Stormspot talked about you a lot."

Cloudwing entwined her tail with her mate's. "Did he now?"

"We want to meet our siblings!" Bramble exclaimed, interrupting the older cats.

Cloudwing let out a purr of amusement. "I'll go find them."

She left the den and came back a few moments later followed by three youngs warrior matching her amd Stormspot's pelts.

"Kits, this is Snowstorm, Raindrop, and Hazelbreeze." Stormspot introduced them. "Your half siblings."

"It's nice to meet you three." Hazelbreeze greeted.

"Stormspot said we had younger siblings." Raindrop added. "I almost didn't believe him."

"This is Bramble, Stone, Violet, and Owl." Bailey mewed.

"You haven't given them their names yet?" Snowstorm asked.

Stone turned his head to one side. "Our names?"

"Yes. Every cat in the clan has a name." Snowstorm explained. "Even kits."

"Now that you're a part of the clan," Stormspot meowed. "you'll be known as Bramblekit, Stonekit, Violetkit, and Owlkit."

"Wow!" Bramblekit squeaked. "We have clan names!"

"And in two moons, you'll become apprentices." Stormspot mewed. "You'll get to start your traing."

The kits began cheering with excitement. Stormspot smiled as he watched them then turned to Cloudwing and gently pressed his muzzle to hers.

I told you I'd see you again one day.

Ch.30

[image]

Stormspot slipped into camp, a shrew, vole, and two mice dangling from his jaw. He padded over to the fresh kill pile and dropped off his catches. He let his gaze sweep across the camp. It felt good to be back. He was happy to be doing his warrior duties again.
As he headed to the warriors den, as vpice called out to him.

"Stormspot!"

He turned around to see Bailey bounding up to him. Can I speak with you about something?" She asked.

"Sure." Stormspot replied.

He followed her to a isolated spot in the camp, where they were out of earshot from the rest of the clan. Bailey sat down and her eyes shone with slight hesitation.

"What is it?" Stormspot asked.

Bailey looked at her paws for a moment before looking back up. "I want to no longer be your mate."

Stormspot starred back at her with wide eyes. Had he done something wrong? Was she leaving? "Why?" He asked.

"Because I'm not the one you were ment to be with." Bailey mewed. "Cloudwing is. I will still love you as the father of my kits and I will live as your clanmate amd friend."

Stormspot felt a part of his heart break. Bailey had been there for him when he was banished. She had saved him and comforted him. Given him another family.

"I-I" He began but Bailey raised a paw to silence him.

"Don't try to change my mind." She meowed. "I have no doubt in my

mind that Cloudwing is who StarClan intended for you to be with for the rest of your life."

Stormspot sighed. "But I still don't understand."

Bailey smiled. "You've known her longer than me. She was your first mate. You still loved her when you were banished and it's clear that she never stopped loving you. She's your one, true mate."

Bailey rose to her paws and pressed her muzzle to his one more time. "Now, go find your mate."

Stormspot smiled. "Thank you, Bailey. I will love you as the mother of my second litter and I'm glad I can still call you my friend and clanmate."

"Me too." Bailey mewed.

The two cats padded out from their spot and Bailey smiled before returning to the nursery. Stormspot looked around for Cloudwing and found her by the fresh kill pile. He padded over to her, a warm smile on his muzzle.

Cloudwing noticed him approaching and reached up to nuzzle him. "Where were you?"

"I was just seeing how Bailey and the kits have adjusted." Stormspot answered.

He decided he would tell Cloudwing about what Bailey had done another time. Once he knew that Cloudwing and Bailey were truly friends and once he knew Bailey was fully comfortable in ThunderClan.

He was still saddened by Bailey's decision, but he respected it. It was her life and her choice. It still crushed him a little. Would she tell their kits now? When they were older? Would she tell them at all?

He wondered how they would react but he was sure that if it was when they were older they would too be more understanding and would respect it more.

Part of him wished Bailey hadn't had made this decision. He did love her. *But I do love Cloudwing more.*

I love you, Bailey. Thank you for my second family and second chance of life. Thank you for saving my life.

This clan needs a queen like you.

A/N: Sorry this was short. That's all.

Ch.31

[image]

(Cats above are Stormspot and Cloudwing. Drawn by me! Yay!)

The sun rose slowly over the tress, casting a warm, orange glow over the forest. Soft, white clouds rolled across the bright, blue sky, giving shade to animals amd plants. The lake's water reflected the bright light, the wind send a ripple of light across the soft waves. Little silver bodies of fish glided under the water, in groups or own their own.

The birds fluttered in the trees, searching for food or tending to their young. Small rodents scurried across the forest floor, searching for food, running back to their homes. The faint sounds of the wind could be heard as it rustled the leaves and flowers, causing them to dance in its breeze. The sounds of the forest rang out, carried on the wind to the differet territories and campspf the clans.

All was peaceful.

A moon had passed since Bailey and her kits had joined the clan. The former loner had adjusted well to the clan life. The clans had been at peace for some time now, no cat questioning the sudden peace. News of Stormspot's return had broken out. No cat had objected to his return which had relived the gray spotted warrior. Stormspot was glad to be reunited with Mumblestep and Cedarflame who had adjusted well to their new lives in ThunderClan. From they had heard from the medicine cat meetings, Badgernose was doing well as ShadowClan's medicine, though every cat could tell that Pinestripe was still worried for him.

All of ThunderClan was awake and tending to their duties. Oakflame had set out patrols for the morning. Fallowstar was visiting Shadedsky and their kits. Dapplespot and the elders were outisde their den, sitting or lying outside enjoying the sun's warmth. Whitepool and Pinestripe were lounging outside their den. Fireclaw and his soms were by the fresh kill pile, sharing tongues. Fireclaw's

daughter, Willowhaze was lying not far from her father amd brothers, curled up amd sharing tongues with Poppycloud.

Stormspot layed outside the warriors' den, Cloudwing curled up beside him. They watched as their kits taught battle moves and hunting techniques to Bailey's kits, who were now five moons old. Bailey sat outside the nursery watching them, a look of pride and love in her bright green eyes.

The clan was prospering.

Stormspot let out a small sigh as her laid his head on Cloudwing's back and wrapped his tail around them. He had everything. His family had been avenged, his kits were warriors, and Bailey and their kits were in ThunderClan and soon Bramblekit, Stonekit, Violetkit, and Owlkit would become apprentices. He had Cloudwing. He was apart of ThunderClan again.

He never lost hope that his family was watching over him. Fernshade was watching him and her family. Stonehaze and Rainflight were watching over their son. He still missed them. But his grief had vanished. He had no reason to grieve anymore. He would see them again. One day.

Stormspot sighed and closed his eyes, gently licking Cloudwing's ear.

Life was finally as it should be.

Perfect.

A/N: Alright! That is the official end to Stormspot's Grief and I'm serious this time. There's no joke this time.

Thank you guys so much for reading, commenting, voting, and enjoying my very first book. I can't believe how well it did! It's all thanks to you guys!!

Remember you can still vote on my next book but as for right now it looks like Wolfstar's Storm will be my next one.
So still vote unless y'all are fine with that being the next one.
Let me know!

See ya in the next book! Bye!

Thanks!

So now that this books is done I want to say something.

THANK YOU!

I want to thank you guys so much for reading!. I never imagined that this book would have over 3k reads, over 1k votes, and over 600 comments! That's insane to me!

This was my first book. Fun fact, they're weren't originally gonna be books before or after it, but seeing how much you guys loved it and got into it, has inspired and encouraged me to write more.

So again, I want to thank all of you that read each chapter. Thank those of you that spammed my notifications with comments. Thank you for giving my book the votes I originally thought that it wasn't gonna get or deserved.

You guys have been so positive and encouraging with my story and writing. I really don't think I wtite that well. Or plan my stories that well. But you guys seem to think so which is just so heartwarming to me as a writer.

So thank you guys again and look forward to more books!!

See ya!!

:)

More Books?!?!

So, sadly Stormspot's Grief is coming to an end *cries*. I know there's at least 5 more chapters. There maybe more, I'm still deciding. :)

But don't worry! I have books planned that take place before, during, and after it.

So I'm gonna let you guys vote on which one you want me to write first(after Stormspot).

So here are their titles and summaries. Let me know which you want to read first.

Warriors: Fallowstar's Decision. (Takes place before)
Fallowdrift is a young warrior of ThunderClan. After a tragic battle, he is suddenly chosen to lead his clan. But StarClan won't accept him as leader until he decides where his loyalty lies.

Warriors: Whitepool's Regret. (Takes place befor)
Whitepool has just become his clan's medicine cat. But after a wrong decision and a secret he must keep, the path he's chosen becomes his biggest regret.

Warriors: Cloudwing's Choice. (Takes place during)
Cloudwing's life was perfect: a kind mother, a loving mate, and three healthy kits. But when a secret gets out revealing something her mother had hidden from her, will Cloudwing chose to forgive her mother or forever resent her?

Warriors: Wolfstar's Storm. (Takes place before)
A storm is coming.

Wolfpaw was a good apprentice; he trained hard, made sure his clan was fed, and got along well with every cat.

But after meeting a starnge cat in a dream, Wolfpaw's good

behavior takes a turn. Soon his mind is corrupted by the cats who claim to be his friends.

See how a once friendly apprentice turns into the clans' most ruthless leader.

And finally, you can't vote for this one. Because of how it ends I need it to be last but I still wanted to show it.

Warriors: Badgernose's Rebellion. (Takes place after)
Badgernose felt too inexperienced as his clan's medicine cat with his mentor in a different clan. But after a prophecy telling of blood and destruction, Badgernose steps up and decide he's ready to stop following his leader.

So these are your options but if there's another character not mentioned above that you would like to see a super edition, Novella, or short story on then let me know.